April 6, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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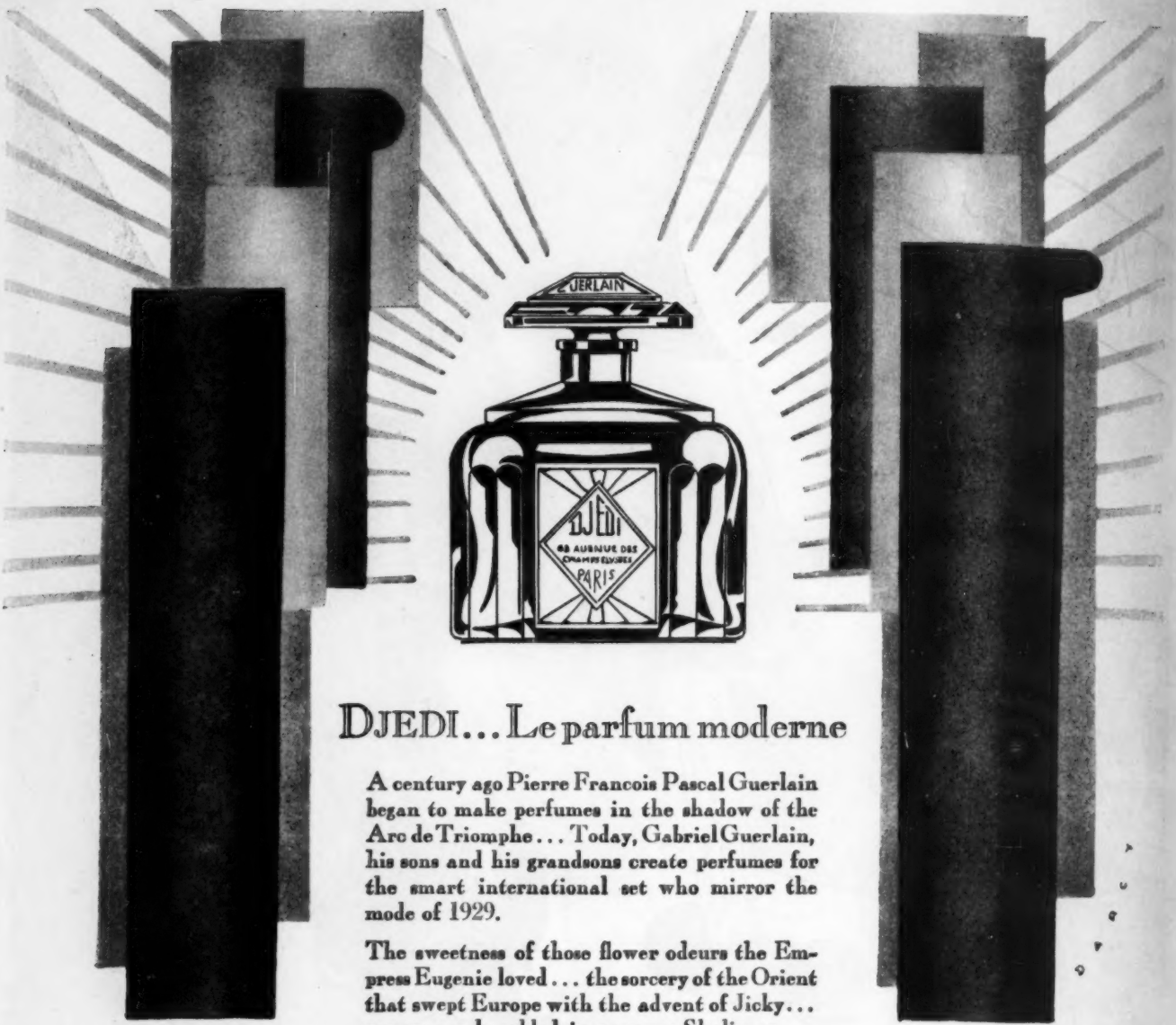

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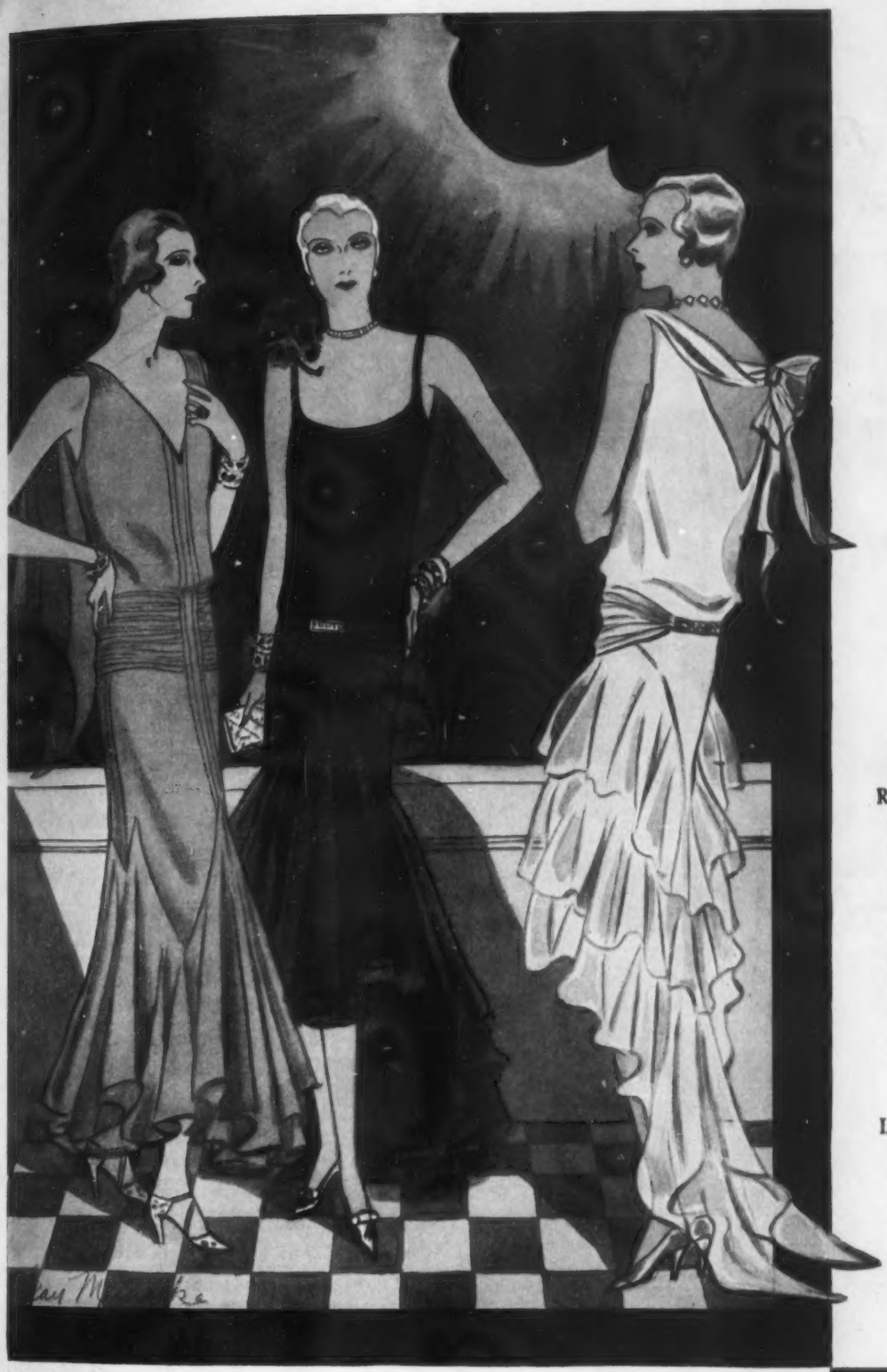
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 7, April 6, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



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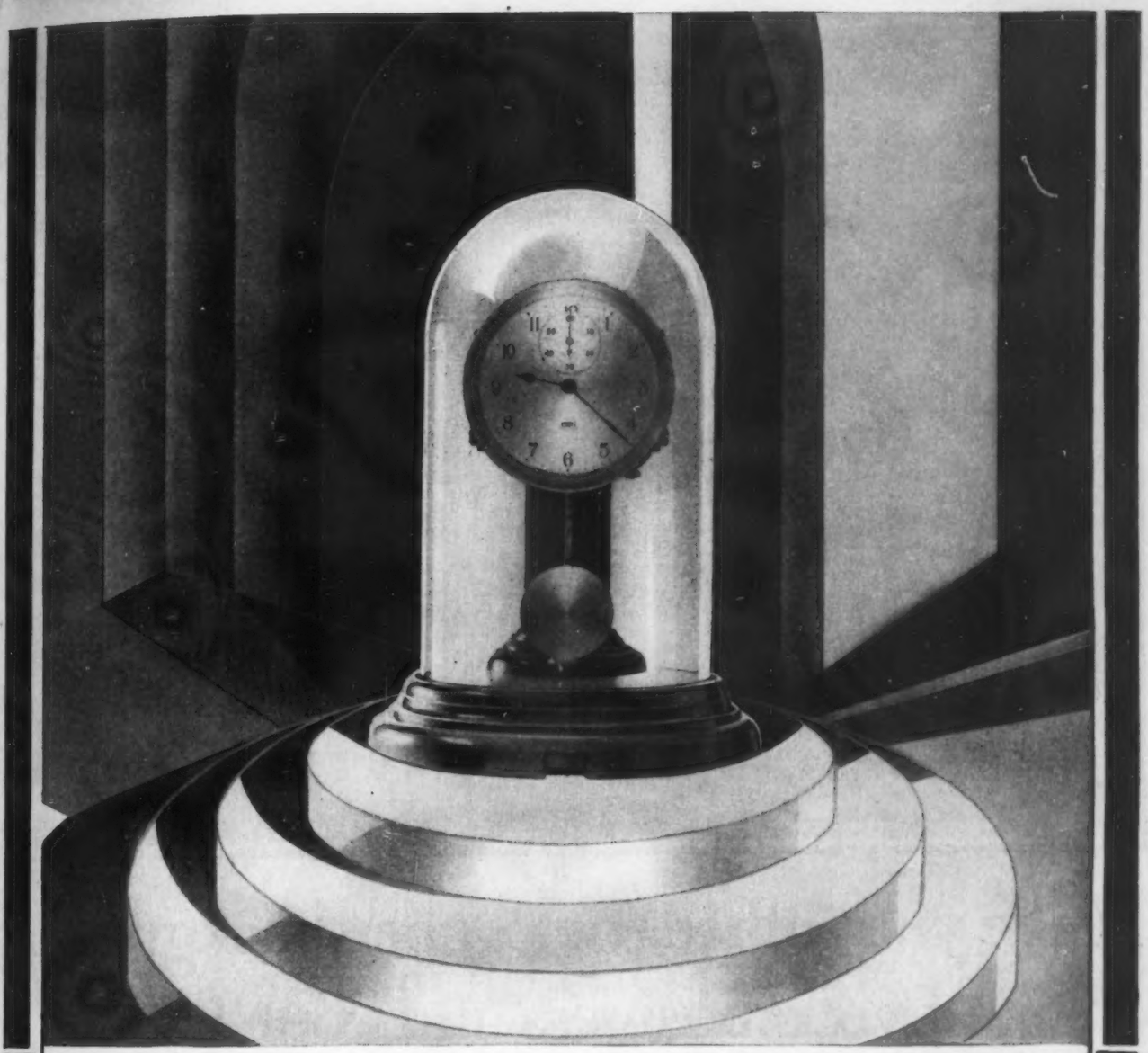

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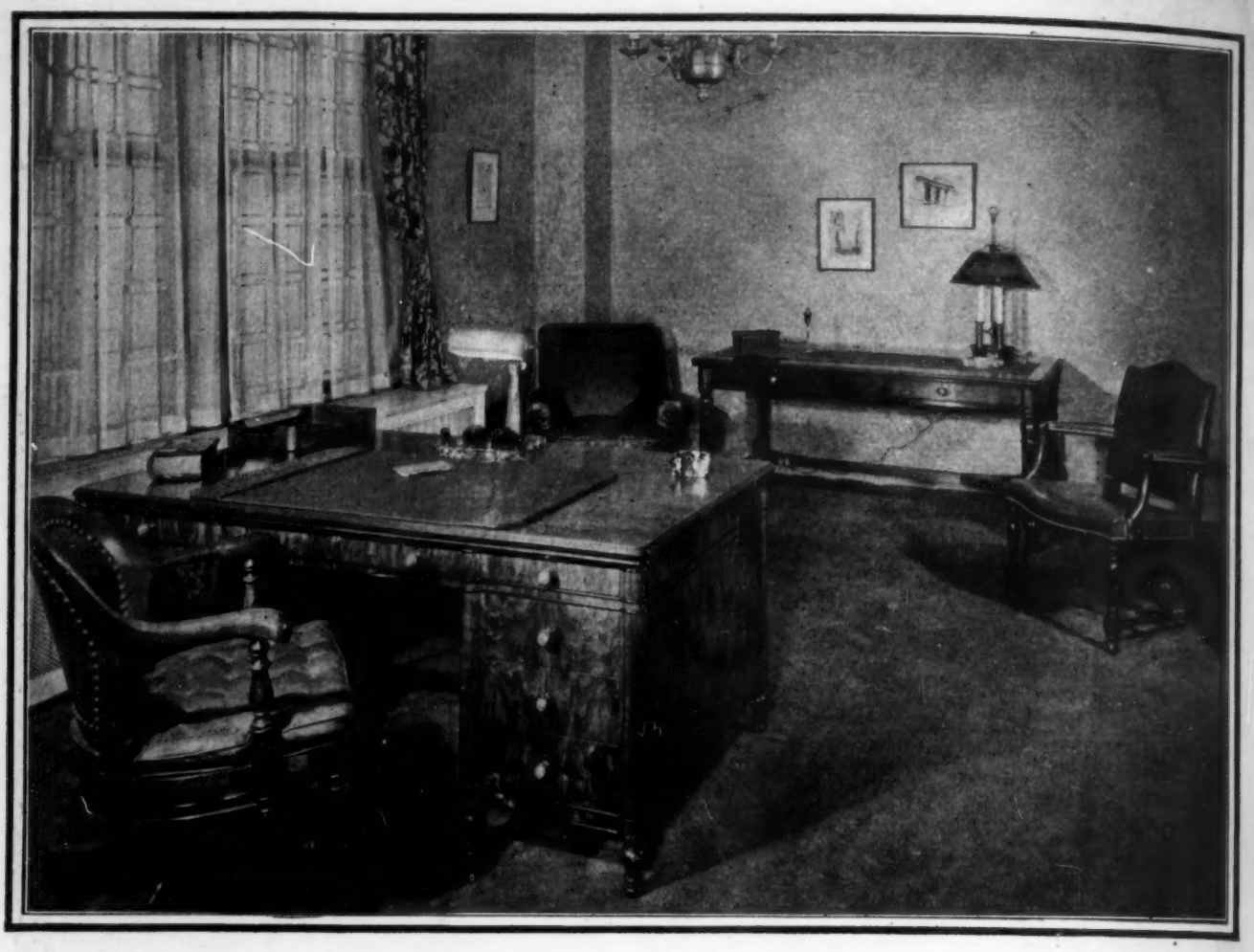

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 13]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—The atmosphere of Edith Wharton's novel of New York in the seventies transferred to the stage in a slow play full of renunciations, and worth seeing for Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CAPRICE—A comedy so perfectly acted by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt that its unimportance becomes unimportant. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs., 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"Katerina," Nazimova as a lost Russian lady in an Andreyev play. (Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 5 and 6; Tues. and Wed. Eves., Apr. 9 and 10.) . . . "Peter Pan," good production of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Morn., Apr. 6, at 10:30; Wed. and Sat. Mats., Apr. 10 and 13.) . . . "Twelfth Night," Shakespearean revival. (Sat. Mat., Apr. 6.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in Tchekov's exquisite play. (Mon. Eve., Apr. 8; Thurs. Mat., Apr. 11.) . . . "L'Invitation au Voyage," a study in repression. (Thurs. Eve., Apr. 11.) . . . "The Master Builder," Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. (Fri. Eve., Apr. 12.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," a light comedy from the Spanish. (Sat. Eve., Apr. 13.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

CONFLICT—The pleasantly set-forth saga of a war marriage which didn't turn out so well. (Fulton, 46, W.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden again reviving his fine portrait of Rostand's hero. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M.)

THE FRONT PAGE—The best of all newspaper plays nears the end of its run. (Times Square, 42, W. Closes Sat., Apr. 13.)

HARLEM—A murder and a good glimpse of folkways in the Black Belt. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's engaging high comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentleman's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

KIBITZER—The amusing farce of a kibitzer at penny pinochle forced to play a big hand on the stock market. (Royale, 45, W.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Gay and well-presented comedy, featuring Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—The feminine half of a badger game de luxe falls into her own trap. An urbane comedy, with Alice Brady. (Cort, 48, E.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne's exciting play about a beautifully planned, and apparently detective-proof murder. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M.)

SERENA BLANDISH—The adventures of a soft-hearted heroine in the wonderland of a sharply satirized society. With Ruth Gordon, Constance Collier, and A. E. Matthews. (Morosco, 45, W. 2:40 P.M.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—Revival of O'Neill's sea cycle: "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." (Garrick, 35, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's prize marathon still providing an Issue for bridge-club members. (Golden, 58, E. No. Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's important and tremendously effective play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE WHISPERING GALLERY—Horror and hilarity in the now routine haunted house. (49th Street, 49, W.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—Last two days of the frenzied humor of the mad Marx Brothers. (44th Street, 44, W. Closes Sat., Apr. 6.)

BLACKBIRDS—If you've never heard the tap-tap of Bill Robinson's feet, don't miss this colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FIORETTA—Fannie Brice and Leon Errol in a preposterous, gigantic, blowzy show which is good entertainment. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A gay, spirited show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

FRENCH MUSICAL COMEDY—"Ta Bouche" will be played by the visiting French company, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 5 and 6, and Sat. Mat., Apr. 6. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Engagement ends Sat., Apr. 6.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LADY FINGERS—A pleasant musical comedy made from Owen Davis' "Easy Come, Easy Go." (Liberty, 42, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—Bad aesthetics but good entertainment. With Phil Baker. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Stanley Weyman's romantic novel made into swashbuckling operetta, with Walter Woolf. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan are in it, the score is Jerome Kern's best, and you'll probably want to go a second time. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SPRING IS HERE—Youth, horseplay, and lovemaking, with swell songs by Rodgers and Hart. Glenn Hunter heads the cast. (Alvin, 52, W.)

THREE CHEERS—Will Rogers pinch-hitting for Fred Stone. He's at his best. We can't shout any louder than that. (Globe, B'way at 46. Closes Sat., Apr. 13.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb. Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman repertory company that should be seen as often as possible. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Monday. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," the grandparent of the modern revue, is being revived at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733). Nightly 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra will be at the Palace, Fri. and Sat., Apr. 5 and 6; Will Mahoney will be there for the week starting Sun., Apr. 7; performances at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5 P.M.

FOR CHILDREN—Sue Hastings' Marionettes, Sat. Aft., Apr. 6, at 2:30; "The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Aft., Apr. 13, at 2:30. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Ethel Barrymore in Zoë Akins' adaptation of a Hungarian play. Opens Mon. Eve., Apr. 8. (Ethel Barrymore 47, W.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

BIRD IN HAND—A new play by John Drinkwater, with a London cast. (Booth, 45, W.)

MAN'S ESTATE—A Theatre Guild production, with Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore. (Biltmore, 47, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH—Mrs. Fiske in a revival of her former success. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA—A two-weeks' engagement of Jane Cowl in Stephen Phillips' play. (Forrest, 49, W. Mats. Tues. and Fri.)

UNDER THE GASLIGHT—A revival of Augustin

(Continued on page 12)

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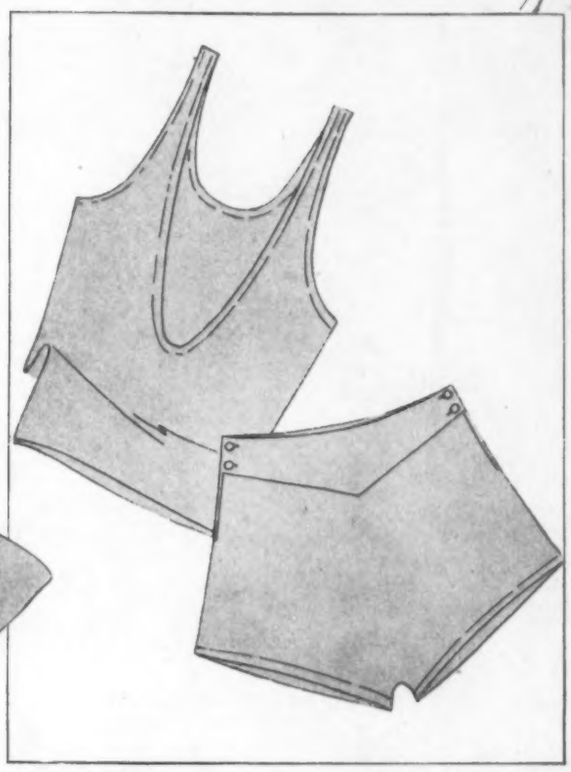

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MAIL ORDERS FILLED

(Continued from page 10)

Daly's melodrama. (People's Bowery Theatre, 201 Bowery at Spring St. Extra midnight performances Thurs. and Sun.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Dancing to Larry Siry's orchestra in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Chick Endor.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson; Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway; with George Olsen and his band.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Eddie Davis' music and good food in a Don Dickerman setting. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Paul Whiteman's orchestra, Ruth Etting, and a Ziegfeld show.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations and Vincent Lopez' music. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's jazz.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many more: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has Clayton, Jackson, and Durante to recommend it; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where Jack White is amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, has Rosita and Ramon, Ohman and Arden, and the Yacht Club Boys.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is usually amusing, particularly Saturday nights. . . . Yar, 9 E. 54, is smart and not very Russian, with an infinitesimal dance floor.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—The well-known play of the safe-cracker made into an amusing picture. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 6-8; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—Theatrical life in a talkie considered of interest by many. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

CHRISTINA—Janet Gaynor as a little Dutch girl. A very mild story with moments of pathos and of true love. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE DIVINE LADY—Corinne Griffith as the famous Lady Hamilton in an exceptionally well-photographed picture. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE LETTER—Jeanne Eagels in an intense and absorbing talking picture of Somerset Maugham's play. Far superior to the average film of the season. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC—A French film of the trial of Joan meriting serious attention. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—For the followers of Al Jolson, with successful Vitaphone. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

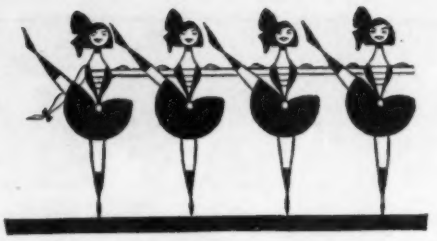
THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—A successful rendering of the popular melodrama in an all-talking picture, with Norma Shearer. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

WILD ORCHIDS—Greta Garbo goes to Java and has some of her characteristic experiences. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from noon.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Canary Murder Case," the Van Dine mystery competently presented; "The Flying Fleet," good picture of life in our naval-aviation circles, with Ramon Novarro; "Hearts in Dixie," Spirituals, cotton-fields, and southern landscape charmingly presented in an all-negro picture; "The Iron Mask," Douglas Fairbanks' new picture about the Three Musketeers; "Lady of the Pavements," Lupe Velez as a cabaret singer in an attractive costume picture.

ART

ACADEMY—Annual spring show of the National Academy of Design, with prizewinners: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Apr. 7.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 13]

BEGINNERS—Sixth exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BELLOWS—Drawings by one of the best Americans: Keppel, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BERLANDINA—Water-color footnotes by a brilliant Frenchwoman: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 13.

CONTEMPORARY DECORATION—Enormously successful exhibit of American decorative art: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . A home-furnishing project in the modern style by a number of present-day designers: American Designers' Gallery, 145 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DAUMIER—Lithographs and wood engravings by a famous Frenchman: Room 316, Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DAVIES—His last works: water-color impressions of Italy and Spain; also, small bronzes: Ferargil, 37 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 6.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Paintings by the men who invented the thing we call modern: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IRISH—Nationals, heretofore engaged in literature and politics, foster a painter's movement: Hackett, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MASTERS—Eighteenth-century French, including Fragonard, Chardin, and Largillière; benefit showing for Paris College of N. Y. U.: Wildenstein, 647 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

SCHMIDT—One of the young Americans takes her place among the country's leading painters. Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 13.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

OSCAR ZIEGLER—A gifted young Swiss pianist. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 5.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF—Probably your last chance to hear him this season. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 6.

JOHN MCCORMACK—We hope you have tickets. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 7.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—Last this season of a series of fine chamber-music recitals. Golden Theatre, 58, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Apr. 7, at 8:45.

BRUCE SIMONDS—An unusually poetic pianist. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Apr. 13.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Krauss conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Apr. 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 6, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Apr. 7; Thurs. Aft., Apr. 11, at 2:30; Fri. Eve., Apr. 12, at 8:45; Sat. Eve., Apr. 13, at 8:45.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE MUSICAL CLUBS—Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Eves., Apr. 5, at 8:15.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Davison conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 6.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Apr. 7, at 4.

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Handel's "Judas Maccabeus," Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 9.

BANKS GLEE CLUB—Huhn conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 10.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 11; Sat. Aft., Apr. 13, at 2:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"La Traviata," Fri. Aft., Apr. 5, at 2; "Siegfried," Fri. Eve., Apr. 5, at 8; "Fra Gherardo," Sat. Aft., Apr. 6, at 2; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Apr. 6, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Chorus and orchestra: Sat., Apr. 6, at 8:30 P.M., over WOR.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Apr. 6 and 13, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Krauss conducting: Sun., Apr. 7, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

OPERA—"The Lily of Killarney," by Sir Julius Benedict: Sun., Apr. 7, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "L'Elisir d'Amore," by Donizetti: Mon., Apr. 8, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

LOUISE HOMER—Contralto: Sun., Apr. 7, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Apr. 9, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

INDOOR POLO—National championship playoffs at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94: Interscholastic Finals, Sat. Aft., Apr. 6, at 4. . . . Class B Semi-finals, Squadron A vs. Harvard (Class A), and Class A Semi-finals, Sat. Eve., Apr. 6, at 8. . . . Class D Finals, Class B Finals, and Class A Finals, Wed. Eve., Apr. 10, at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

CIRCUS—The big spring event for the children: Madison Square Garden; performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

DANCE RECITALS—Tamiris, modern American dancer, in her only recital this season: Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Apr. 7, at 3:30. . . . Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Apr. 7, at 8:30.

PUBLIC BALLS—Dixie Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Apr. 5, at 10. . . . The Greenwich Village Revel, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Apr. 5, at 10. . . . Polo Ball, Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Apr. 6, following the championship matches. . . . Rainbow Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Sat. Eve., Apr. 13, at 10.

BENEFIT—Among the stars scheduled to appear at the annual Eddie Cantor Camp Fund benefit performance are Will Rogers, Fannie Brice, Leon Errol, and Bill Robinson: Ziegfeld Theatre, 6 Ave. at 54, Sun. Eve., Apr. 7, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the Anderson Galleries, Park at 59—Antique American and English furniture: Sat. Aft., Apr. 6, at 2. . . . Paintings, by artists of the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries: Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves., Apr. 9, 10, and 11, at 8:15. . . . At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57—English furniture, including choice Queen Anne pieces: Sat. Aft., Apr. 6, at 2:15. . . . Charles Dickens' works and relics: Mon. Eve., Apr. 8, at 8:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

ART—Architectural Exhibition, Grand Central Palace, Apr. 15-27.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Galleries: The Reifsnyder collections of early American furniture, Oriental rugs, porcelains, and other objects, Apr. 20-27; the art collection of the late Arthur B. Davies, Apr. 16 and 17.

MUSIC—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Krauss conducting until the close of the season, Apr. 14. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Apr. 16. . . . American Symphonic Ensemble, Apr. 18. (All at Carnegie Hall.) . . . Important Recitals: Efrem Zimbalist, Barbizon, Apr. 16; Dusolina Giannini, Carnegie Hall, Apr. 17; Roland Hayes, Carnegie Hall, Apr. 21.

THEATRE OPENINGS—"The Camel Through the Needle's Eye," a new Guild production, Martin Beck, Apr. 15. . . . "The Little Show," an intimate revue, Music Box, Apr. 22. . . . The Freiburg Passion Players, at the Century, late in April.

BASEBALL—First game: N. Y. Yankees vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium, Apr. 16.

CREW—Navy vs. Columbia, at New York, Apr. 27; Yale-Pennsylvania-Columbia, at Derby, Conn., May 4; Pennsylvania-Columbia-Princeton, at Princeton, May 11; Yale-Princeton-Cornell, at Ithaca, May 18; Mass. Tech. vs. Columbia, at New York, May 18; American Henley, at Philadelphia, May 25.

HORSE SHOWS—Essex Troop, Newark, Apr. 18 and 19; Brooklyn Horse Show, Apr. 23-27.

TRACK—Penn Relays, Philadelphia, Apr. 26 and 27; Intercollegiates, Philadelphia, May 31 and June 1.

TURF—United Hunts Meet, Belmont Park, Apr. 18 and 20. . . . Jamaica Track, Apr. 23-May 16. . . . Belmont Park, May 17-June 10. . . . Kentucky Derby, May 18.

OTHER EVENTS—Butterfly Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Apr. 24. . . . Lambs' Gambol, Metropolitan Opera House, Apr. 28. . . . Annual Charity Carnival, Madison Square Garden, May 2.

NOTE—Daylight Saving starts Sun., Apr. 28, at 2 A.M.

TO THE MAN WHO IS AFRAID TO LET HIS DREAM COME TRUE

YEARS AGO you heard of Rolls-Royce—later you saw one—and a dream formed in your mind . . . "Some day, when I have the money, I'm going to own that car!"

Now you have the money—and you waver. A dozen bogies buzz about your ears . . . "I can get along with a cheaper car" . . . "Is Rolls-Royce really worth the price?" . . . "Maybe folks would think I'm splurging" . . .

Yes, you can get along without a Rolls-Royce. You can get along without trips to Europe, or a fine piano in your home, or sterling silver on the table. But you don't. Because the *actual value* you get out of these things makes them worth their cost. And your friends know that. These things you buy are above criticism. They are proof of your good taste.

Now take Rolls-Royce. The protection it offers you and your family is alone reason enough for its purchase. For Rolls-Royce is the safest car in the world! No part on which the safety of the occupants depends has ever failed in this car. Ask your insurance friends—they'll tell you it gets lower collision rates than any other car!

Then the comfort, the restfulness of Rolls-Royce—the solace it brings to nerves harried by business, frayed by the din of a noise-mad age. Rolls-Royce was built as a protest against noise—against not only obvious squeaks and rattles, but against even those tiny quavers and quivers that, seemingly negligible and perhaps unnoticed, bring you up tired at the end of a long trip.

Prove that! Step into a Rolls-Royce, weary from a day at the office. The car cradles your tired body like your lounge chair at home. The roar of the city may be all around you—you move in a well of silence. Rough roads may lie ahead—you take them without a tremor. Instead of riding, *you float!* Restfulness almost as complete as dreamless slumber! You can drive 300 miles in a Rolls-Royce without fatigue!

Or say you're dawn-fresh, eager for a thrill. Take the wheel of a Rolls-Royce—*and get it!* See how the car hugs the road, holds its direction. That's balance! See how it levels out hills. That's power! See how it eats up the miles. That's speed! And try the brakes—foot-brakes that have brought a car down Pike's Peak with the clutch out and the motor off!

What do you pay for this comfort and quiet, this super-safety, the supreme joy of perfect motoring? No more than you pay for an ordinary fine car. True, the first cost of Rolls-Royce is high. Why? If we could take the car to pieces right here on this page, we would show you, gear for gear, shaft for shaft, why Rolls-Royce costs its price. But—and here is one of the sweetest points of the car . . .

You never realize it has gears and shafts. You drive it year after year, and the motor never flutters, the springs never complain. Rolls-Royce is *guaranteed* for three years! Consider this 3 year insurance against failure of any mechanical part and compare it with your own experience!

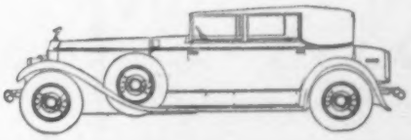
Then compare the depreciation on your present car with that on a Rolls-Royce 10 years old. You're paying for a Rolls-Royce without ever owning one! But, you may say, "I don't want to keep a car ten years, because of changes in body styles." All right, change the coachwork on your Rolls-Royce every few years. You'll have an everlastingly new car—and you'll still be making the best fine car investment in the world! America's foremost bankers—163 of them—endorse Rolls-Royce as an investment by owning Rolls-Royces themselves!

But this page isn't big enough for the whole story. Rolls-Royce is the finest vehicle that a wizard age has offered to man. And you, with the purchase price in your pocket, hesitate to buy it!

No matter how far distant your home may be from any of our Works Branches, we will gladly send a Rolls-Royce to you for a 100-mile trial. Write.

ROLLS-ROYCE DIRECT WORKS BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES. EXECUTIVE SALES OFFICES: LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. CHASSIS WORKS: SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ROLLS-ROYCE



Advance Modes

FURS
by
GUNTHER

presented in their New Salons

666 FIFTH AVENUE
Near 53rd Street
New York

This Jacket Dress may be seen at Lord & Taylor.

The new skirt is longer—and of course its hemline is uneven . . . The jacket dress is the smartest we know this season—and practical, too . . its fabric, a graceful chiffon printed with a motif of flat modernistic floral shapes exactly meeting the requirements for formal afternoon and informal dinner wear.

Stehli Silks

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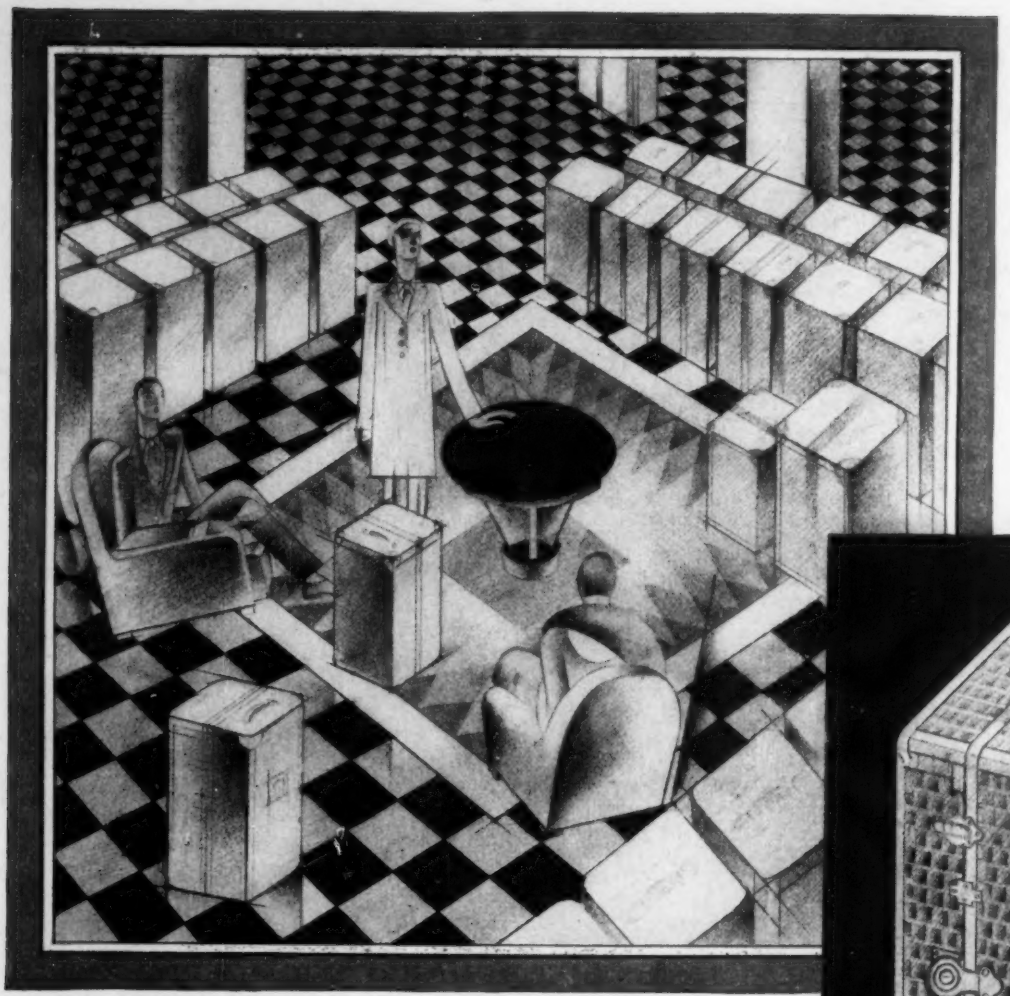
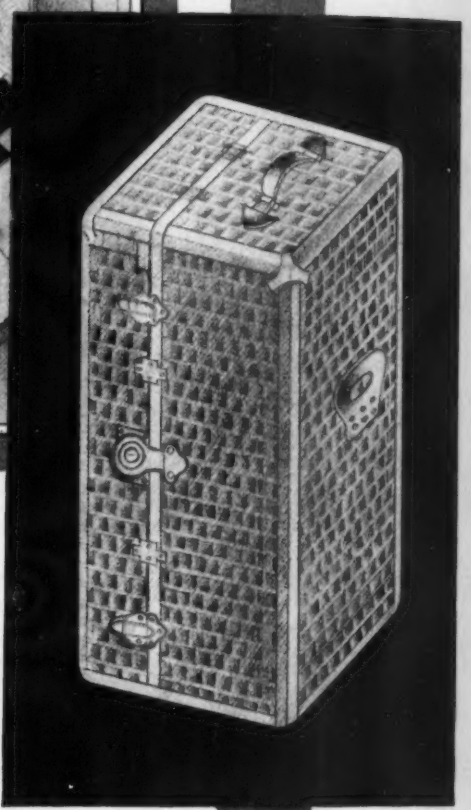




the saks-fifth avenue idea in luggage presentation

we have rearranged our luggage department so that it is no longer necessary for customers to examine rows and rows of trunks before they find the ones they want. ¶now you may sit quietly in comfortable chairs while salespeople bring you the luggage in which you are interested. ¶there is no doubt that a more intelligent selection can be made when one shops this way···and it's so much more pleasant!

saks-fifth avenue
new york

panam

a luggage series specially styled by saks-fifth avenue *for european travel···covered in plain or checked canvas ···each piece extremely light and durable.*

wardrobe trunk (illustrated) 40 inches	115.00
36 inches	100.00
taxi model wardrobe trunk	80.00
shoe case	55.00
hat and shoe trunk	100.00
hat trunk	50.00
visiting case	55.00

seventh floor

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE warm pleasure of our first spring bus-top ride was marred by a sense that something was missing—some familiar thing. After

several blocks the answer came to us: gone, gone are the Gulden's Mustard signs that used to adorn the backs of the seats. Remember? "Take a great big juicy steak, with Gulden's Mustard spread on top . . ." Heigh, ho, there'll be no more of that. The dark suspicion revolves in us that those signs were removed by Mr. William Childs, who, prior to his retirement from the vegetable racket, rode the buses on moonless nights and pried loose the signs, leering as he pried.

WITH what breath we have, we applaud Mr. Whalen's discovery that the meters on some of the new cabs aren't as truthful as they might be. Finding out about that was a tangible civic service. Now, having handed out our weekly laurel, we com-

mend to the Commissioner's attention a state of affairs existing in front of most of the large hotels in this city. Why is it, sir, that only gyp cabs occupy the public hackstands? Echo answers: because there is collusion between cops and doormen, whose combined efforts keep the low-rate drivers off the block. Couldn't you do something about that, maybe, Mr. Whalen?

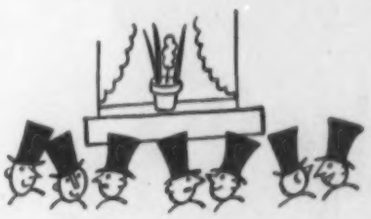
WE have no means of knowing how deeply General Bullard felt the rebuff administered him by the War Department for his having endorsed a cigarette. He ought to take some comfort, at any rate, in learning that he is not the first military figure to have his name linked with a product. We are thinking specifically of George Washington—remembered for his honesty as well as his strategy. One of our treasured possessions is a colored lithograph, of the sort given away fifty years ago by grocery stores, showing the Father of his Country holding aloft

a round biscuit. "I cannot tell a lie," he is saying, "the Boss Lunch Milk Biscuit is the best in America."

MR. ROCKEFELLER, the ancient, cherishes the hope that some day he will play nine holes of golf in fewer strokes than one-half his age. Life is a crazy quilt, indeed. We ourself, a veritable stripling, have long felt that our days would be blessed and peaceful the moment we could play nine holes in fewer strokes than *twice* our age. Unfortunately our game grows steadily worse with the advancing years. Thus do all mortals alike go to their graves, inconsolable and unresigned.

TRY as we may, there is a limit to how far we can go with this magazine. We just got wind yesterday of a doctor on Park Avenue who doesn't permit THE NEW YORKER in his waiting-room. When one of his patients inquired about it, he explained that he couldn't afford to jeopardize his prestige with any undignified note. Only *Time*, *Country Life*, the *Atlantic*, and the *Times* are provided. You see? Those are the odds we work against: the brashest kind of discrimination. What good is it, pray, to publish a magazine against which a doctor shall bar his door? Are our hands to be tied when it comes to succoring the sick, the wounded, the maimed? With people dying like flies?

BY far the most inspired touch given Fifth Avenue in celebration of spring were the hyacinths that suddenly appeared in the window boxes at the Finley Jay (Helen Gould) Shepards. Everybody noticed them. White, lavender, and pink, they miraculously sprang into being against the old brownstone at Forty-seventh Street, reminding us delicately that people really live there. The dash of spring bloom was like a boutonnière in the lapel of a rather dusty old gentleman. We were terribly moved, and shall always



think of Finley Jay Shepard as the man who belongs to the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, the Union League Club, the Metropolitan Club, the Links Club, the Church Club, the Riding Club, the City Midday Club,

the Ardsley Club, the Huguenot Society, and has hyacinths.

Medical Student

AN eminent physician of the upper Fifties, who once was dean of a medical college, was recently waylaid in his offices by a lady, earnestly asking what to do about her son. The boy, it seemed, had determined to be a doctor and she wanted to know what schools, colleges, universities would be best for the ambitious lad. Touched, the doctor dropped everything to spend half an hour mapping out a thorough course of training. At last, having exhausted his subject, he leaned back in his chair. "How old is your son?" he asked. "Roger is six years old," said the lady sweetly. "He's in 1A."

Gentlemen in War

THE author of "Journey's End," Mr. R. C. Sherriff, is thirty-two, wears tweeds like an athlete, and is politely bewildered by his own prominence. We saw him the night before he sailed for home last week, rushing from dinner to a party, autographing copies of his play, expressing surprise that Americans like it. He has no pretentiousness. When one host introduced him as Bob Sherriff he accepted the informality with apparent relief. He shares the general astonishment at the success of a play originally done for amateur production by the Kingston Rowing Club on the Thames.

There seems to be a romantic tale behind each stage success, and there is one here. The rowing club wanted a show for its members, men only, to put on, and asked Sherriff to do it, he having done one or two things for an amateur dramatic group. The no-woman restriction encouraged a war background, and Sherriff's own experience suggested the incidents and characters. At seventeen he had enlisted in an East Surrey regiment, rising afterward to a lieutenancy. He was employed as a clerk in an insurance office and could work on the play only at night. It took him seven months. To his disappointment, the rowing club rejected the play, as it had only one room in which to present its show and the offstage effects could not be managed. Sherriff thought some theatrical manager might want to do the play professionally and he sent it to several. They all returned it. Some months later he gave it to an actor named Leslie Banks to read. The latter liked it and took it to the London Stage Society, an organization which produces plays on Sunday nights only. The play committee split three to three on the question of doing it, and in this extremity decided to seek Bernard Shaw's judgment. The manuscript was in longhand and had to be copied on a typewriter. Sherriff did it himself, in eighteen hours. Shaw mildly approved the play, but feared the war was a dead subject.

THE show was, nevertheless, offered one Sunday night, several producers being invited to see it. None of them thought enough of the show to accept it, although one thought enough of the leading man to hire him for a production of his own. A copy of the script got into the hands of Maurice Browne, co-author of "Wings Over Europe." Browne was interested, for he had just gone through a battle for the production of a play without women, and for another and more cogent reason. Sometime before he had given a performance of "The Unknown Warrior," in which he had been appearing, at the bedside of an old lady who was ill and had asked this favor. She was enthusiastic about the play, said more ought to be produced, and (happily turning out to be wealthy) offered to finance such a one. Thus Browne produced "Journey's End." Its suc-

"Really, couldn't we have one with less joie de vivre?"

cess was immediate and immense, the biggest in London in ten years. The cast was hastily assembled by the Stage Society from talent then unemployed, with the exception of the part of Captain Stanhope. For this was cast an obscure actor named Colin Clive playing a small part in the London "Show Boat" company. Now he is hailed as one of the great actors of the day. Romance all through the thing.

The company playing "Journey's End" here tried out for a week in London before coming and the reviewers compared it unfavorably with the original cast. Sherriff came over with it and when he got here had to be restrained from making clarifications—such as "streetcar" for "tram." He was surprised that Americans recognized the two verses from "Alice in Wonderland" in the second act.

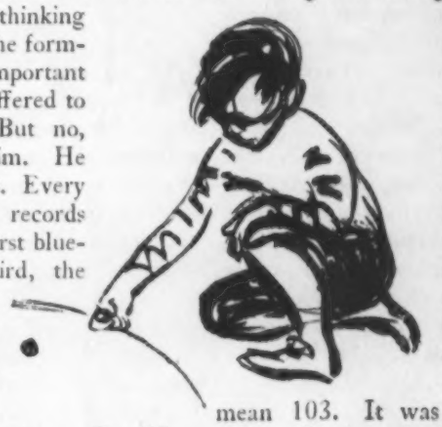
Entertainers

A HOST who had tried out fortune tellers, cartoonists, jugglers, and so forth to entertain his guests at parties, thought of having some trained seals in. After a long quest he got in touch with the Boy Rangers at 10 West Twenty-third Street, who advised him to call on a Mr. Webster at 9 Park Place. Mr. Webster knows a man who has two seals, named Beauty and Horace. He will bring them to parties in a truck. The charge for an evening covers haulage, and a small tank of live fish for the seals, and is fifty dollars. That's the way to engage seals, if you must have them.

Statistics

THE man who has been doing more perhaps than any other to keep Wall Street anxious is Mr. Edmund Platt. A native of Poughkeepsie, he was for some time Congressman from New York and Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency; he is now Vice-Governor of the Federal Reserve Board and, since the retirement of Governor W. P. G. Harding, is more or less its controlling head. Obviously, his position is one of tremendous importance at the present time, and a financier who had occasion to visit him recently at his office in Washington was awed no little at the realization that he was in the presence of the man whose lightest decision might change the course of billions in an hour.

Mr. Platt, who is a man of quiet bearing and charming manner, received him courteously. While they talked, however, his gaze roamed constantly out the window, which overlooked the White House garden; from time to time, he made a notation on a desk-pad. The visitor, thinking he had intruded on the formulation of some important financial equation, offered to take himself off. But no, Mr. Platt assured him. He was only listing birds. Every spring, he said, he records the first robin, the first bluebird, the first catbird, the first of all kinds, as they return from the South. To date, he had counted twenty-one species, rather less than average. By May he hoped to have marked down ninety, at least.



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ANOTHER story about birds and Washington officials concerns the late President Roosevelt. He was sitting at a Cabinet meeting, one summer day, when suddenly he leaped to his feet and without a word of explanation darted through an open French window. The startled statesmen, crowding after him, saw him running across the White House lawn. Reaching a small tree, he stood a long time staring up at its branches. Finally he walked back, shaking his head. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he explained, "I thought I saw a white owl in that tree."

Sex Racket

WE see that Dr. M. Sayle Taylor, the sex expert, has moved to the Selwyn from the National, to carry on. He takes with him his live models—Miss Sub-Thyroid, Miss Super-Thyroid, Miss Pituitary, Miss Adrenal, and a fifth lady whose gland we didn't quite catch. Recently he enjoyed a seven-weeks run in Philadelphia with his "Married Love" lecture, and New York apparently likes him just as much. All his material is thoroughly protected by U.S. copyright, which is, we feel, pretty white of Uncle Sam.

Studiously minded, we paid our dollar and attended the matinée *for men only* at the National the other afternoon. It took a certain courage. Men arrived singly, sat down, fidgeted. They were mostly middle-aged men, American types, no Latins. Latins, we suspected, have no immediate interest in the academic side of sex. When the hour drew nigh, the lady usher obligingly disappeared, the curtain went up, and the audience was treated to the sight of a stage empty save for three large red cabinets, large enough to hold living people. Behind their velour draw-curtains lurked heaven only knew what. Living models had been advertised. Our heart-beat jumped from a comfortable 68 to a mean 103. It was pretty ominous.

Dr. Taylor, fresh from "twenty years' consummate research in the laboratory of life," entered and plunged right into the middle of things with alarming smoothness and rapidity. Paying at first no attention to the cabinets, he began a very swift discourse to the effect that three and a half years in Seattle and a short spell among the tribes of Africa had convinced him that civilized man is way behind the savage in his love life. He would turn, he said, the cold white ray of science on the matter, and with that he edged a pace or two nearer the first cabinet. It was a bad moment for us, who never approved of sex anyway.

"You men," said Dr. Taylor sternly, "speak about frigidity in women; you don't realize that it is your own ignorance that is to blame." His hand reached out and gave the pull-cord a yank, and there . . . and there . . . (can you stand it, folks?) was a colored chart.

From that point on the lecture, dealing with the electric aspect of sex, seemed bathetic to us, the more so as we gradually became aware that it was all leading up to the sale of a book by Dr. Taylor (not asking a dollar-and-a-half, but a dollar, and your money cheerfully refunded if you are not satisfied). The living models turned up in one-piece bathing suits as Part II on the program. Pointing them out as glandular types, Dr. Taylor's assistant explained how to pick a wife. The men in the audience seemed to derive a vicarious thrill from hearing technical terms mentioned in the presence of strange ladies.

The Doctor sometimes holds sessions *for women only*. Mrs. Coolidge

and Mrs. Hoover went in Philadelphia. The Doctor is making a great deal of money.

Two Black Crows

ROAMING interestedly through Harlem, a stroller eavesdropped on this conversation between two colored preachers. "Where you-all a-preaching now, brother?" "Nowhere," was the answer. "A fine preacher like you is, too," said the first. "That's just it," retorted the other. "I'm a preachin' preacher, and what that last congregation wanted was a prayin' preacher, and that ain't in my line. Seems like they's too much specification nowadays."

Fun With Publishers

A BALD and inexcusable trick has been played by some wag upon Mr. Macfadden, athlete, publisher, and educator. The Macfadden company, which has been doing rather well with a magazine called "True Stories," is, it seems, preparing to issue another called "Strange True Stories," and the joker in question, hearing of this, typed out and submitted De Maupassant's "A Piece of String." The reader who got the story read it and dismissed it with the following comment: "This would be a good story if we had an O. Henry to rewrite it."

THE man who told us this says that such frauds rarely succeed, but called to mind a notable exception. Ten or twelve years ago, the erudite staff of the *Atlantic Monthly* bought, paid for, and printed a short story which was bodily lifted from the pages of Frank Norris' novel "Blix." It had been submitted, as his own, by a man named Toland. The magazine was not completely taken in, however, even though the story appeared under Toland's name. Just before the monthly came out, someone in the composing-room discovered the plagiarism. It was too late to omit the piece, but the editors did have time to print a statement of the facts elsewhere in the issue.

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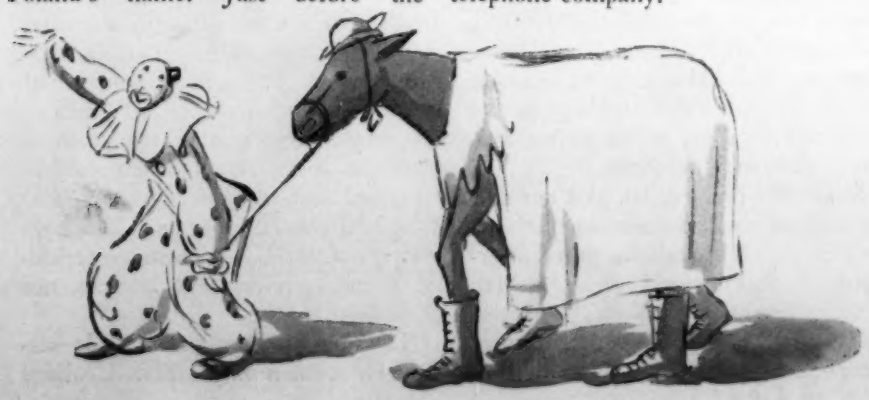
AT an early hour the doorman of the new apartment building at Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue was polishing the brass of the door when the street cleaner of lower Fifth Avenue, a friendly fellow, went up and whispered something to him. The doorman hesitated and, from his look, was about to refuse, but the holiday spirit of good-will prevailed. He handed the whitewing a bit of his polish, with which the latter shined up his badge.

Practical

A PRANKISH bond broker, who got the idea from a short story he read somewhere, visited an office in Pine Street and looked out of the window and saw several men he knew at work in their various offices across the narrow way. He immediately dropped the business of the moment and called them all in turn over the telephone, announcing that he had just taken an option on a new, simple, and amazingly effective television device. He would demonstrate it, he said. He then proceeded to describe what the gentlemen were wearing that day and exactly what they were doing. One had on a bow tie with green polka dots, had nicked the left side of his chin while shaving that morning, and had about half smoked a cigar. Another had a corkscrew and two glasses on his desk and was twirling a keyring with his left hand. Within ten minutes the joker had over two million dollars subscribed to buy all rights. He is wondering now if perhaps he ought not tell them to send the money to the telephone company.



Span

THE towers of the Hudson River Bridge will be finished in June. The first strand of cable will be towed across the river in the middle of summer. A temporary footwalk will shortly appear, thin and dizzy, two hundred feet above the water. The Mayor will walk out and make a speech. Probably the Governor of New Jersey will be there, too. From then on, the strands will be woven, back and forth, until four big cables of sixty-one strands each have been draped artfully over the towers and anchored solidly in either shore. In 1932 it will be all right for you to drive across, at a cost of about fifty cents.

When we went up there the other morning, there seemed to be only two men at work—a colored gent who was moodily sweeping the dust off a concrete buttress, and a young chap who was painting a little wooden plank of some sort. These two geniuses, unassisted, were building the longest, highest, heaviest bridge in the world. The towers stood, waiting—one on this side of the Hudson, one on the other. The only sound was the tolling of the bell in the Jeffreys Hook lighthouse.

Still, there were plenty of blueprints and engineers in the offices, and the engineers assured us that things were ahead of schedule. One of them escorted us to the top of the big concrete pile that will anchor the cables on this side of the river. It's about the size of the waiting-room in the Grand Central; buried in it are the steel bars that will hold the whole spidery structure in the air. We gave them our blessing.

The plans call for finishing the steel towers in granite, but it seems that there is some question as to whether this is to be done. At present the big skeletons are painted red and black and look (surely you've seen them yourself) just like any steel towers except that they are bigger and higher. We made a feeble effort to ascend the six hundred feet via painters' ladders, but got lost in the morning mists after ten minutes, and descended, a wiser and dirtier man.

The roadway, we were told, will be a two-decker, wider than Fifth Avenue. The net result will be a rather beautiful bridge two-thirds of a mile long, which will greatly enhance property values in Bergen County,

materially add to Sunday night's traffic on Riverside Drive and upper Broadway, do away with a whole block of apartment houses in Fort Washington that happen to be in the way, and make motoring a little more comfortable and life a little more nomadic.

The Liquor Market

THE Jones Law has had its effect. Some of the bootleggers have gone out of business and some of the speakeasy owners have shut down, waiting to see which way the wind is going to blow. Most of them have screwed their courage, and their prices, up to the sticking point, however, and report better business and bigger profits with the lessening of competition. Quotations are up generally—from five to twenty-five dollars a case on delivered goods.

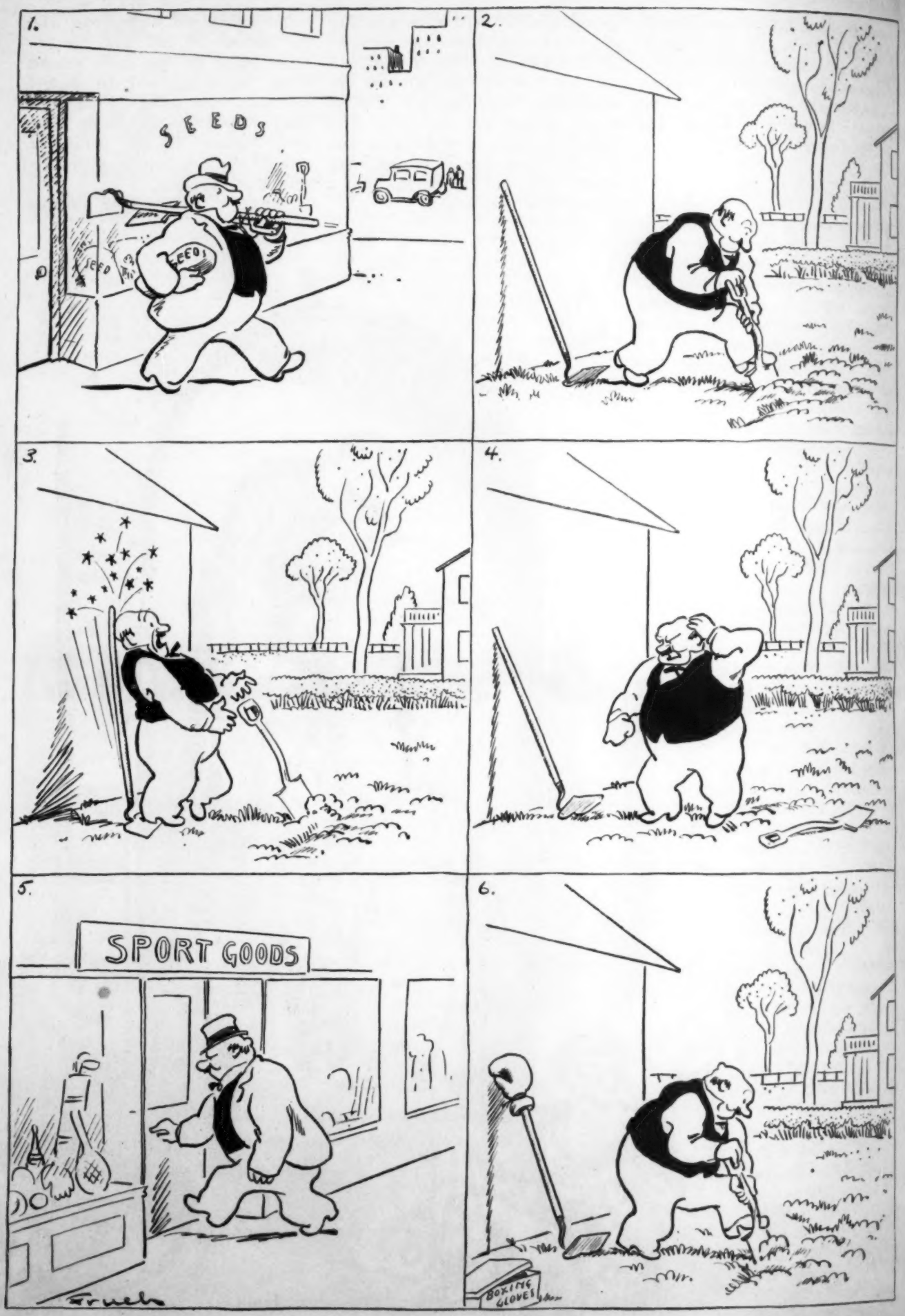
With the bootleggers, the situation is this: They formerly had to keep but about a thousand dollars on hand to bail out their deliverymen in case they should encounter law uncorruptible, and provide them with but a hundred dollars to carry for small on-the-street bribes. Now, since the penalty is greater under the Jones Law, and the bail consequently higher, they have to keep ten thousand dollars on hand, and provide their deliverymen with five hundred. The modus operandi is the same. The employer must bail out his deliveryman and the latter then leaves town and begins life anew in another part of the country. One bootlegger, employing four deliverymen, says that last week his profits jumped from five hundred to one thousand dollars. He is not much interested in new customers and has adopted the "call back" system as, he tells us, have most of his competitors. That is, he will not accept an order over the telephone until he verifies the source by calling back.

Drinks are as high as a dollar and a quarter in some speakeasies and one fellow told us that he may have to boost the over-the-bar price to two dollars in a month, to compensate for increased protection costs and mental and spiritual strain imposed by the possibility of jail sentences. Bartenders and waiters are frightened. Some of them have quit and those that haven't have demanded big wage increases. Delicatessen dealers and the like, who collectively have been doing a considerable business, have given up, being mostly men of family and under pressure from their wives.

Everything will settle down when the amount of bail and the sentences under the law reach a norm. What the norm will be depends on future test trials. From these many prosecutors are shying, however, because of the unfortunate political effect of becoming identified with heavy penalties.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"You know, Tony, sometimes I think I made a mistake marrying Maggie."



THE HOME GARDENER

EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP

SEVERAL of my young friends (I make friends easily and of all ages) have recently received a questionnaire from the Junior League and the Parents' League designed to bring them to their senses in the matter of tardiness at parties. The idea seems to be that, with people arriving later and later at dinners and dances, the hour of breaking-up is gradually being extended so far into the forenoon of the following day that it cuts in on business conferences and dentist appointments. If guests would arrive at a party on time, they could get it over with and be at home and in the general direction of the bed at a reasonable hour. (If *any* hour can be said to be reasonable.)

Evidently the Junior League and the Parents' League don't care whether I am late to parties or not for they didn't send me a questionnaire. But I am going to answer one anyway, and perhaps from the replies of a man who has been later to more parties than anyone since Charlie Ross (so late, in fact, that many times I have not arrived at all) they may find the solution to their problem.

THE first question is: "Are you in favor of dining on time?" This is a little abstruse. There could be no *objection* to dining on time if dinner were served on time, whatever "on time" may mean. Once in a while, especially during the first week after daylight-saving has gone out of effect and I have forgotten to change my watch, I arrive at dinner approximately at the appointed time. What is the result? I am met at the door by a man who hasn't quite finished buttoning his waistcoat and who looks at me with ill-concealed suspicion, the supposition being that anyone arriving so early is either drunk or a reporter. My hat and coat are laid out in solitary state on the hall-catafalque and I am ushered upstairs into the library for half an hour with "The Rise and Fall of Robespierre" and several brisk turns around the room. My host calls from upstairs that he will be "right down" and for me to "make myself at home." This I proceed to do by dropping off into a restless sleep until the cocktails are brought in.

The cocktail problem for the guest who has arrived "on time" is no mean one. If you are the first guest to arrive (as you will be if you are "on time") and if you begin drinking cocktails with the first brewing, stringing along with the field as the others arrive, by the time the really late ones have come you are not only the most vivacious guest in the room—you are the host. You do the greeting; you insist on passing the canapés (or what you yourself have left of the canapés exclusive of the powdered egg which has been shed on the rug); you comment on the attire of recent arrivals, and say: "I didn't catch the name" when introduced. In short, you are easily three laps ahead of anyone present except your host (who has been told beforehand by his wife to take it easy) and with your little elfin ways and cute sayings, you endear yourself to one and all and creep into every heart. Thus, before dinner has even commenced, it is your bedtime. This is what comes of arriving at the appointed hour.

Which, in a way, disposes of Question No. 2: "Will you arrive punctu-

"The artist is here to do your portrait, sir."

ally at the hour set?" The answer is "No!"

QUESTION No. 3 is: "Will you get to dances on time?" I am very lucky if I get to dances at all. There is something about the lateness of the hour at which a dance is supposed to begin that makes it rather a nebulous and eerie appointment at best. I can get dressed earlier in the evening with every intention of going to a dance at midnight, but somehow after the theatre the thing to do seems to be either to go to bed or sit around somewhere. It doesn't seem possible that somewhere people can be *expecting* you at an hour like that. Only pixies and banshees have definite midnight appointments, and those are usually on a cabbage-leaf or around the stamen of a blue-bell. Perhaps this vagueness in my mind about dance-dates is a defence mechanism on my part, for I am not a devotee of dancing. Possibly the best way for me to help the Junior League in this particular department of their campaign would be not to *accept* any dance invitations. Then I won't hold things up.

QUESTION No. 4 is: "If you accept a dinner invitation will you really attend?" My answer to this would be: "Well, I will and I won't." It seems like a fair question, however. Somebody has got to know, in order to get the squabs straight, how many people are going to be there, and the best way to find out is to come right out and ask the question point-blank: "If you accept, will you really attend?" My reply, however, is complicated by the fact that I lose addresses and that a great many people have recently gone in for the unpleasant habit of not having their names in the telephone book. I have spent many a dinner hour, beautifully groomed, standing in a United Cigar store thumbing over the adhesive pages of a telephone directory with no possible way of finding out where I am supposed to be, short of discovering what I did with the little piece of blotting paper on which I originally wrote the address.

Then, too, before I can say definitely whether or not I will really attend a dinner, I must know about the weather. I am a very poor woodsman, and sometimes great storms come sweeping through the forest which separates my little house from the rest of civilization and I may wander about for

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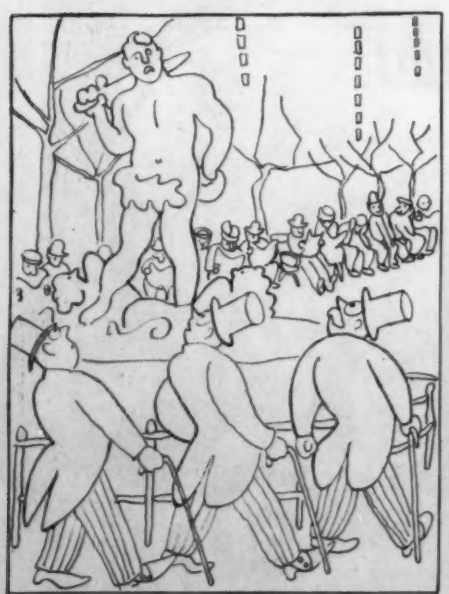
CITY HALL NEWS

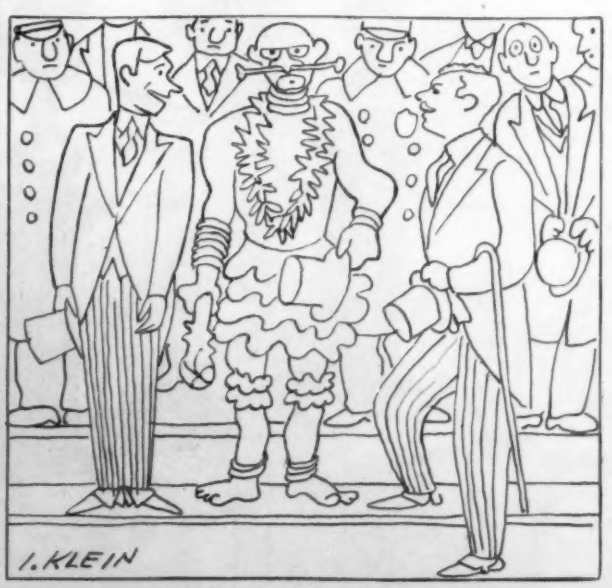
Something is Always Happening near our City's Administrators

NOT ENOUGH BENCHES. Noontime rush for City Hall Park benches leaves people (as above) sitting on City Hall steps.

INFORMAL WELCOME at City Hall Park of "Shorty" Melroy, who had spent the winter at Bryant Park, near the statue of William Cullen Bryant. Jack Vanderleer, a friend, is welcoming him.



CIVIC VIRTUE INSPIRES. City fathers on way to work pass MacMonnies' statue and get daily inspiration.



STRANGER WITHIN GATES. An out-of-town visitor (centre) stops at City Hall to pay respects to Mayor and make inquiries about how to reach the Aquarium.

weeks before striking the trail. Only last week I started out for a dinner party and, when I was half way through the woods, a driving blizzard came up, trees crashed about me, the winds howled and forced me back and I could not even see the moss on the trees to tell which was north. Naturally, I didn't get to the dinner, but it was a thing which could not have been foreseen. The question, as phrased, is therefore out of order.

The next question is: "Are you in favor of early luncheons?" My reply to this is that I am not in favor of luncheons at all.

THIS, in a way, clears up my attitude on the subject. I see no way out of the present situation. Parties can not arbitrarily be stopped in time for morning dentist appointments. We aren't living in Russia, you know. The only other course is to have your business and dentist appointments in the afternoon—and that, in turn, will make you late for dinner again. It is a vicious circle, but pleasantly vicious. Let's just let things go on as they are until a general breakdown sets in. That will be plenty of time to stop.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

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TRIOLET IN RE SPRING AND A YOUNG GIRL'S FANCIES

Oh to be indifferent
Now that April's here.
Starting back in March I meant
To become indifferent,
But in spite of my intent
I am on my ear.
Oh to be indifferent
Now that April's here.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

"At the weddings in Labrador they do not have bridesmaids, they have bridesboys. They all carry guns. When each guest comes in they fire a salute, and when the ceremony is over they cut loose with a regular salvo."—*The World.*

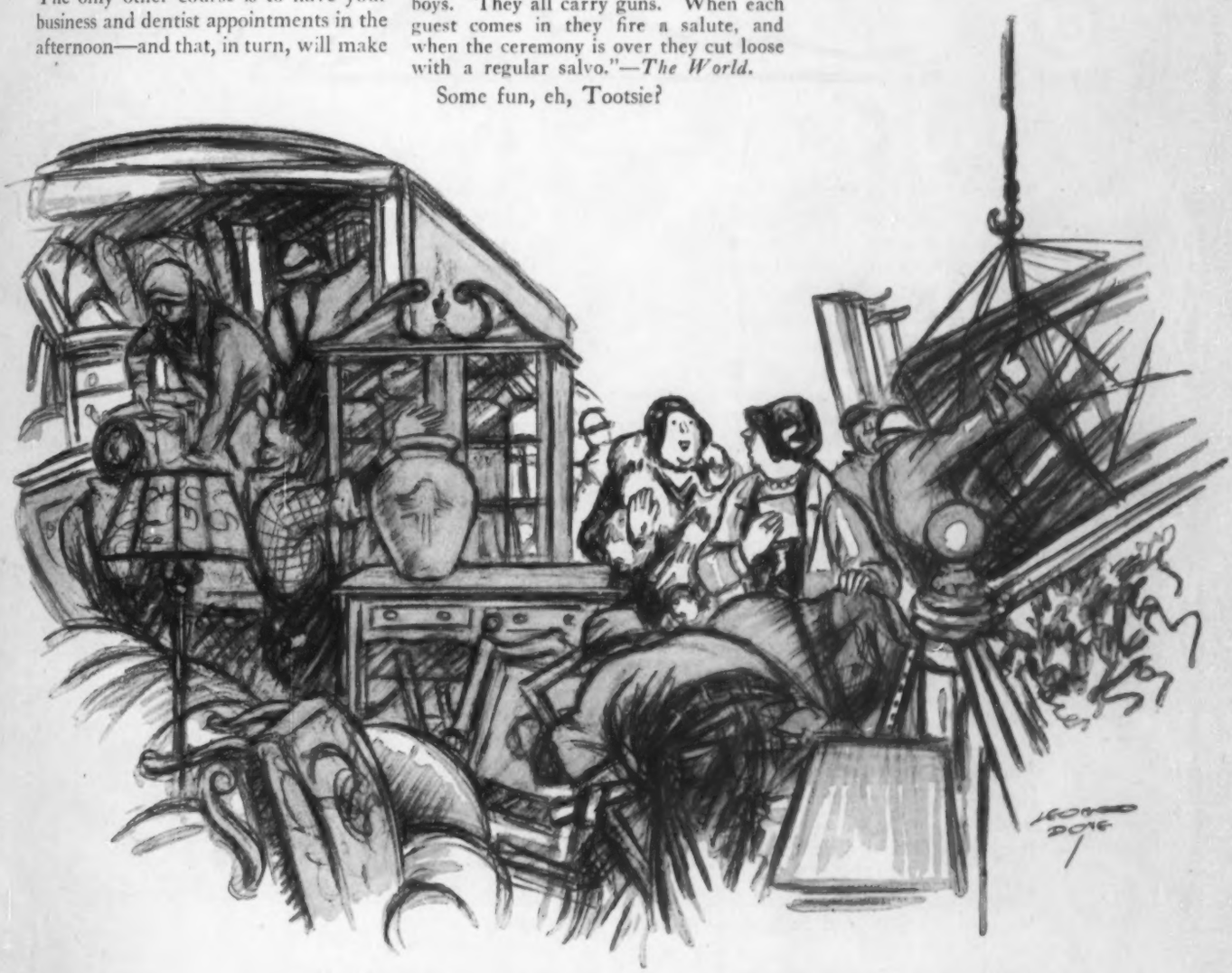
Some fun, eh, Tootsie?

THIS WEEK'S MIRACLE

from THE INNER SHRINE *of*
SIGNEM AND BOOSTEM
Publishers

WHO ever would have thought a sixteen-year-old girl would write the finest novel of our time? We didn't. We were thinking of something else. We were thinking how marvellous it was that Professor Zinn's book on the Courtship of Wasps has gone into 350,000 copies. Hold! 375,000 since we wrote that —500,000, 600,000, 750,000, good God, stop us, so we can tell you about Jean Cabot.

Jean Cabot is the descendant of Jenny Lind and an acrobat named Escalabado. When Jean was six weeks old her father put her on a tight rope in a circus and said "Walk." Inside



"Why don't you just drop everything, Mrs. Mendel, and come to Richard Barthelmess?"

of six years that little baby was John Ringling. Two years after that she built the Sixth Avenue Elevated. "It just came to me," she says. When she was nine she defeated Kreisler in a violin-playing contest. At ten she bought Monte Carlo from the Prince of Monaco, lost it in two hours at roulette, won it back again by midnight, and gave it to a poor woman with seven children. Yet Jean Cabot had twelve children of her own, ten boys, among them Major General Bullard, Ivy Lee, Carson Pirie Scott & Co., and Young Corbett.

Yet with all she has done, she is prankish, hoydenish, wholesome, just a child. Once she stole the Roosevelt Dam, hid it for a week, and returned it not only unharmed but with several swell new technical improvements added. When she was thirteen she could throw Christy Mathewson's "fade-away," lecture on Madame Curie, hit a beetle at a hundred yards with a revolver, and count twenty-five billion sheep without closing her eyes. She repaired Gabriele D'Annunzio's battle plane, bested Theodore Roosevelt in a debate on ornithology, and knocked off William Gibbs McAdoo's hat with a brick!

When we called on her to ask her to write a novel based on her exploits, she was having tea with the heads of the fire department, demonstrating a new extension ladder she had invented to fight skyscraper fires. In two minutes she had slipped away and was out in Central Park playing leapfrog with Yehudi Menuhin. She finally agreed to write the book for us, and *did it in French!* Then just out of sheer ebullience of spirits she did it in Greek, Italian, Old English, terra cotta, and backwards in Swedish! At last one night she quit "acting up" and did it in English. Nine hundred million copies were sold one Saturday morning. But Jean Cabot is not impressed. When we called her up to tell her about it she was out. Do you know where she was? She was leaning the Leviathan up against the Woolworth Building to see which was longer! That's Jean Cabot. That's America's Daughter. That's the kind of novelists we turn out. Get in on her book.

—JAMES THURBER

POET

OR THE GROWTH OF A LIT'RY FIGURE

Before he reached the age of ten
The poet lived like other men.
Before he reached the age of twenty
He fell in love and suffered plenty.
And when he lyrically hinted
That life was tragic, it was printed.

The song he played upon his pipe
Looked rather well, he thought, in type.

Whereas it was his wont to sing
Only on moody days in spring,
Whereas his sorrow he would limn
Only when it occurred to him,
He now perceived that it might pay
To be both sensitive and fey
Not once in a while but every day.

He learned about the poetry racket
From reading blurbs upon a jacket.

Forthwith, each morn he racks his bonnet
To find the octave of a sonnet,
And ere the moon has shown her face
He's swung the fourteenth line in place.
And later, at his bedside kneeling,
He prays for added depth of feeling.

Before he reached the age of thirty
He sold his pipe and bought a QWERTY.

Too busy now to venture out
Upon the earth he writes about,
Beneath his safe and ample roof
He sits revising galley proof,
And punctuates his blood's own drama
With here and there an extra comma.

From magazine and daily colyume
His works, selected, make a volume.

All in the name of poesy
His publishers arrange a tea,
Inviting critics from the press
To question him on his success
Or draw a little bit apart
And speak politely of his art
Or note the attitude he takes
While eating little frosted cakes.

So there he stands, all bathed in sorrow,
Dreaming of what he'll write tomorrow.

His woes, through being often stated,
Have grown, of late, attenuated,
And so he stirs the cosmic rubble
And writes of other people's trouble,
Astonishingly fit to shoulder
The heaviest sort of human boulder.
They say that he has gone a year
And not let fall one honest tear—

Except a very tiny one
Upon a line he wrote in fun.

—E. B. W.

INDUSTRIAL CRISES

The day a moth appeared at Revillon Frères

OF ALL THINGS

PRESIDENT HOOVER has given up the use of the Mayflower to save three hundred thousand dollars a year. We understand that red ears are now being worn in Northampton, Massachusetts.

•

Titta Ruffo has quit the Metropolitan for a good job in the singies. Maybe the final solution of the Opera House problem would be not to have any Opera House.

•

An Indiana D. A. R. official has put an end to the subversive practice of having legislative bills tied with red ribbon. Hereafter the legislators will use our national colors, ——, white and blue.

•

Our guess is that Gifford Pinchot will have a happy time in the Galapagos. Those uninhabited islands are a prohibitionist's paradise.

•

Glowing reports from Oklahoma and Louisiana indicate a bumper impeach crop.

•

The author of the Jones law says he never took a drink in his life. Now we must all try to live according to the dictates of Senator Jones' conscience.

•

Secretary Mellon says that the I'm Alone was sunk under the tariff act. The ultimate consumer will know how she felt.

Gandhi, found guilty of inciting a riot in Calcutta, was fined thirty-six cents. Probably a revolution would run to as much as five dollars.

•

At Nogales they are charging Americans fifty cents apiece to see the revolution. This admits one to a gallery seat in the theatre of war.

•

Here is a cheerful thought for Democrats. Only one per cent of the Italian voters cast their ballots against Fascism.

•

An investment banker says that at the rate things are going women will have all the national wealth by 2035. Never mind; they'll probably leave it in a taxicab.

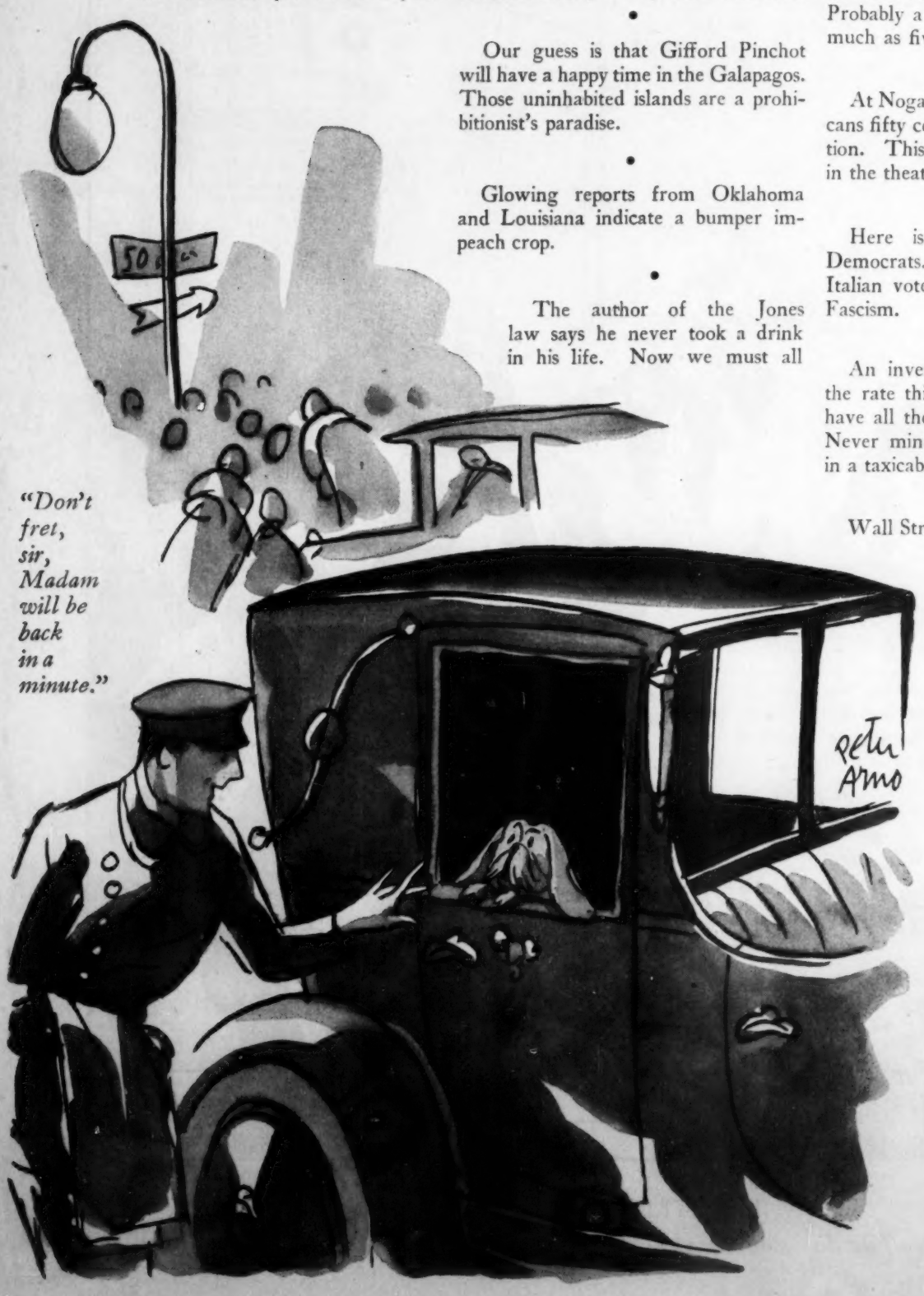
•

Wall Street is feeling cheerful again. The market went down just deep enough to drown all the little speculators.

•

If our police cannot find the killer of Rothstein, they might try their hand at finding a head for Tammany Hall.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"Don't fret, sir, Madam will be back in a minute."

• •

There were those who contended that Chautauqua lost much of its charm in changing from tent to hall. There is a social contact in the tent that is lacking indoors, and it was the only opportunity there was for years for this sort of novelty—a spirit of freedom and, shall we say, a certain abandon which one gets by going under canvas.—*Middleboro (Mass.) Gazette.*

That old Abercrombie & Fitch feeling.

Eva Le Gallienne

PROFILES

LADY OF FOURTEENTH STREET

EVA LE GALLIENNE, director, producer, and "leading lady" of the Civic Repertory Theatre in Fourteenth Street, was born in an old English manor, in the suburbs of London, on January 11, 1899. She is the daughter of the poet, Richard Le Gallienne, and Julie Norregaard, who was born in Copenhagen, and who, at the time of her marriage, was earning a precarious living as a correspondent to a Danish newspaper, under the name of "Eva Politiken."

The marriage between Richard and Julie broke up after two years, and Richard sailed for America, leaving mother and child to the manor house and the future. In those days Mrs. Le Gallienne was known as a vastly efficient intellectual, and for a while she managed to keep the home together with her pen. People in the streets of London knew her by sight. She wore a strange sort of alpaca raincoat, carried a briefcase, and was seen at every exhibition and opening night of importance. She enjoyed the friendship of such men as George Meredith, Sir Henry Irving, Algernon Swinburne, and Edmond Rostand. She knew when every boat sailed and when every train came in; she was always prepared for any contingency.

THIS streak of stubborn "preparedness" has its justification in her daughter. When Eva, at the age of ten, announced that she was going to be an actress, Mrs. Le Gallienne did not waste her time denouncing the project, nor did she wrestle with the child's spirit. She caught a train for Paris, where she put her daughter into the Collège Sevigné.

This college was run on the university plan, with lectures a large part of the curriculum. Eva learned about the classics, about paintings and peoples, acquired a working knowledge of four languages, and while Eva learned, Mrs. Le Gallienne was not idle. Finding that her pen was no longer adequate, she became a modiste, opening her own millinery establishment.

It is inevitable that "touching stories" should come back to us of this time. One account has it that Eva, enamoured of Sarah Bernhardt, borrowed from a friend the volume of the actress' memoirs and copied them out in longhand and in French, because the book was too expensive to buy, and that the Divine Sarah, learning of this feat, was touched, and predicted that a girl like that would go a long way. That Eva Le Gallienne copied the entire book is extremely doubtful, unless it was given her as a sort of exercise by her French teacher, Paul Leyssac, who is now one of her troupe. Nevertheless, had she stopped at the second chapter it would prove her a girl with a will.

EVA left the college in 1912 and went to England where, two years later, when the war broke out, she was joined by her mother. Here she attended a boarding-school for a short time and then entered Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's Academy, winning a scholarship in the first year. Eva had already appeared in a minor rôle, with Constance Collier in "Monna Vanna," when an emissary for the Prince of Wales Theatre, snooping about for someone who would do for a small part with Lyall Swete in "The Laughter of Fools," happened to see her and offered her the chance. She accepted and made her London début as a cockney. They say that her cockney was terrible.

When England went into battle, mother and daughter were obliged to part. Julie Le Gallienne was again writing an English letter for the home paper, but Eva was an actress out of a job. Wars have never been particularly auspicious to dramatic endeavor, and at fifteen Eva Le Gallienne sailed for America alone.

EVA rented a room down in Greenwich Village, and set out to go the rounds. She was not slow to notice that the name Le Gallienne, made famous by her father, had come over ahead of her and was proving very useful in gaining her the hearing which was denied to other girls less fortunate in fathers. Her first part on the American stage was given her by Harrison Grey Fiske. It was that of a colored maid in "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters." This was October, 1915, and it was the first time in fourteen years that Richard Le Gallienne saw his daughter. Seeing her name on the billboard, he purchased a ticket for the play.

Shortly after that she was seen in "The Melody of Youth" at a salary of fifteen dollars a week, and again we get one of those "sweet stories" which nevertheless must have some foundation. It is to the effect that Eva, having delivered herself of a speech before an ardent, though restricted, number of motherly clubwomen, was surrounded by the ladies, who were touched by her youth and her earnestness. They asked whether there was not something they could do to help her, to which she replied that she could use a stool that stood beside the door, because she needed a chair for her room. She got the stool, and a

"Now ready! Step and slide, close. Step and slide, close . . ."

little later was seen carrying it down Fifth Avenue.

All in all she had a rather good time. She was young and she was ambitious. She would be an actress and a "leading lady," and she would have a lot of money and she would live high. She secured many parts, good, bad, and indifferent—on the road with "Mr. Lazarus;" with Faversham at fifty a week in "Lord and Lady Algy;" and in "Mile-a-Minute Kendal." This last engagement terminated with her dismissal, which she says was a very good thing, as early successes have robbed

Theatre had persuaded Theresa Helburn to produce Molnár's "Liliom." He added that a girl like Eva Le Gallienne could make something of the leading rôle. In any case it would not hurt to try her out. She was tried out and made her first big hit.

Now had Eva been an actress pure and simple, "Liliom" and the success of "The Swan," which was subsequently produced by Gilbert Miller, would have been destiny enough. These two

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domain, but the business of art is, as it was her mother's. Julie Norregaard was not a great writer, but she barked at the heels of all who were. There is something of the cicerone in both of them. Eva suddenly knew that she wanted a theatre of her own that she could run herself.

She was such a good business woman that, having noticed that the cheap seats always went first in any theatre, she decided to make the price of good seats at her theatre, should she ever have any, no higher than a dollar-fifty. Since she had observed also that people flock to culture whenever and wherever "culture" is made reasonable, the Civic Repertory Theatre was inevitable.

Strangely enough, at the moment of shaping her vision, she was to appear in the worst failure of her career, in "Jeanne d'Arc," by Mercedes de Acosta, given in June, 1925, at the Théâtre Porte St.-Martin, Paris. Eva Le Gallienne had made the translation, and Norman-Bel Geddes was the director. "Jeanne d'Arc" was given, but the French press was

AN EXCLUSIVE CHILDREN'S DANCING CLA

"DeWitt, darling, you mustn't dance with Rosabelle all the time—you dance with your sister.

So
DeW
danc

not kind, and once more Eva sailed for America.

OBDURATE, a little hard-boiled, courageous, she centred her energies on the Civic idea. She tried to secure a theatre in Broadway but discovered that there was an agreement between managers that barred any person or organization who would lower the current rate charged by Broadway houses. She was baffled but she was not beaten.

In West Fourteenth Street stood a great dusty edifice, owned by the United States Trust Company. It was erected many years ago, and lately it had housed every sort of down-at-heel dramatic offering imaginable, from "Ten Nights in a Barroom" to Italian opera. For this theatre Eva put in her bid. There were five applications for leases ahead of her, but she said she would wait.

Her idea of waiting was to produce, just to see if she could do it, Ibsen's "The Master Builder" and "John Gabriel Borkman." The plays duly appeared at the Booth Theatre, she had some fun, and the public was not unkind.

On October 25, 1926, the public was informed that Miss Eva Le Gallienne was at the Fourteenth Street address, henceforth to be known as the Civic Repertory Theatre. She was founder, actor, producer, and business manager. Her first offering was Benevente's "Saturday Night." Otto Kahn, Adolph Lewisohn, and others backed her. Her own savings were also involved.

Matinées sold out at thirty-five cents to one dollar. Evening performances went from fifty cents to a dollar-fifty, and the subscriptions began coming in. That first week, Eva Le Gallienne took in thirty-eight hundred dollars. The last week of December, 1928, she took in over nine thousand dollars.

At first she played at a loss, and more than once she thought she would have to close down. Various friends came to her rescue, however, and the Pictorial Review Achievement Award for 1926 of five thousand dollars averted a dark house.

EVA LE GALLIENNE has a theory that it takes twenty years for an actor to become something worth seeing. Ten of these years he should give more or less to self-improvement. She also has a maxim that a director should know how to design a set and how to light it. She admits that she can do neither. But when she leaves

An advanced pupil draws a beginner, much to his disgust

So DeWitt dances with his sister

"Choose your partners."

her Eleventh Street top-floor apartment, she goes straight to her Westport farm, taking a miniature Civic Repertory Theatre with her. She hopes it will teach her what she lacks in scenic and electric art.

She says her public life and her private life are the same, which is of course never quite true of anyone. Still, though she has been criticized at times by people who do not come into very close contact with her, it remains a fact that by some sort of dogged personal appeal, unknown to the average woman, she has kept her own group so devoted to her that it smacks of the Holy Order.

She is rather slight in build, with gray-blue eyes, a nose that almost tips up, and a small purposeful mouth. She walks with a striding stoop. In her present phase she wears tailored suits, generally black, though blue is a favorite. When she first came to New York she wore bouffant skirts, curled her hair, used a white makeup with darkened eye-sockets and brows. A few months later she gave up the business of extreme youth, slicked her hair back, got into a smoking jacket, slapped her friends on the back instead of smiling in a vague preoccupied way, lit a cigarette, and became a "regular fellow." A few months later, however, the hoyden had become businesslike.

She claims that she does not want to make money, and the claim would seem fairly truthful, for certainly she holds to the dollar-fifty top rate, and is working to get three and one-quarter per cent of the population of New York to become subscribers at a dollar a head. If she achieves this goal, the admission will then be dropped to fifty cents.

Her ambitions do not stop at the one theatre in Fourteenth Street. Twenty years from now she hopes to see a Civic Repertory Theatre in every one of the larger cities, although she apparently does not expect to run this chain of theatres herself.

Her actors get the average Broadway salary; they have a twenty weeks' guarantee, and a thirty-five-week acting season. No one has an understudy, and there is neither leading lady nor man. Alla Nazimova is just one of the actresses. Nor does an actor always remain in the rôle to which he has been assigned for the length of a play, as Miss Le Gallienne shifts her cast whenever she feels that any of its members is getting stale in his part. No play is rehearsed for less than four weeks, there is no prompter, and once a play is produced it is added to the repertoire, where it is always accessible to the public.

The Auxiliary Branch, called the Junior Group, was formed in August, 1927. Here diction and fencing are taught, with the privilege of attending rehearsal. Those who qualify are assigned small parts.

A SCHEDULE of an average day in Miss Le Gallienne's life runs something like this:

7 A.M. Turns off the alarm clock, and out of bed.

8 A.M. Breakfast. A music lesson.

10 A.M. Telephone calls on the business of the theatre.

11 A.M. To the office. Conferences and business interviews.

12 Noon. Rehearsal.

2:30 P.M. Twice a week afternoon performance.

5:30 P.M. Back in office to lunch and to transact more business.

8:30 P.M. On stage again.

12 Midnight. To home and to bed, unless there are callers.

Back in England Mrs. Le Gallienne keeps her eye open for plays that her daughter might want to include in her repertoire. Mrs. Le Gallienne is still "prepared." —DJUNA BARNES

•

LAMENT

And is it
Reprehensible
That I should push
When doors say PULL,
And is it strange
That I should rush
To pull
When other doors
Say PUSH,
Or is it but the price
A human
Pays
For being merely Woman?

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

A Selection from the Week's Mail

GENTLEMEN:

You are cordially invited to attend the farewell concert and ball in honor of Raffaele Maiullari, the well-known Bronx ice dealer, who is to race around the world via steamship and airplane as a tribute to Premier Benito Mus . . .

FRANK RUSSO, *Treasurer*,
505 Fifth Avenue.

GENTLEMEN:

We have a delightful young man in our office. He is becoming somewhat of a nation-wide vogue. We call him "Rip." He is Mr. Robert L. Ripley, whose "Believe It or Not" pictures give daily proof that truth is stranger than fiction. The *Post* is going to hold a "Believe It or Not" tournament. Wanamaker's has offered its theatre for an . . .

VINCENT G. BYERS, *Managing Editor*,
New York Evening Post.

GENTLEMEN:

You are invited to attend a scientific experiment which will endeavor to determine if blonde or brunette girls are more emotionally susceptible to kisses, and whether men find kisses from dark or . . .

GENERAL PRESS DEPARTMENT,
Messrs. Lee & J. J. Shubert.

GENTLEMEN:

Enclosed you will find a contribution which, I hope, strikes you in the same manner as it did several of my friends whom . . .

NO NAME.

GENTLEMEN:

You are hereby notified that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the . . .

C. E. BRINDLEY, *Secretary.*

GENTLEMEN:

Dr. William Axt, more affectionately known to the many listeners-in as "Dr. Billy," will be the . . .

BESSIE MACK,
Capitol Theatre.

GENTLEMEN:

Baroness Katharine Evans von . . .

BERNARD SOBEL,
Ziegfeld Press Department.

•

NATHAN SCHWEITZER CO., 407-9 Ouest 14e Rue, New York.—*Adv. in French chefs' paper.*

Well, if it isn't old Fourteenth Street!

THE LIFE OF J. CORRESPONDENCE SMITH

J. CORRESPONDENCE SMITH was born in an isolated district in the western part of the East, the homestead being situated at a considerable distance even from any village. Fortunately, however, there was rural mail delivery at the very door. The infancy of the child was a period of great danger and anxiety, especially as no direct medical aid was available either for the boy or for his mother. A treatment by correspondence, however, was successful in pulling them both through, although it was not until the postscript of the third letter that the worst of the danger was over. Smith's father, meanwhile, kept up his courage by means of a correspondence course in Optimism, obtained from a central psychological college. Even at that it often took ten cents' worth a day to keep him up.

The years of childhood that followed, bright and innocent, often seemed to Smith in retrospect the best period of his life. He did not lack for plenty of little playmates, for although there were no other children in the neighborhood little J. very soon joined a Little Folks' Correspondence Circle which operated through the columns of a weekly paper. In this way he came to know (by correspondence) Lizzie M. (aged five) and Johnny O'D. (aged eight) and Only Child (aged four). The children carried on, through the answer column of the paper, all kinds of merry games.

THE pleasant days of childhood naturally gave place to school and college. Young J.'s education was carried on entirely by correspondence courses, in which he achieved distinction from the very first. In his high-school work he ranked ahead of all his classmates by six cents' worth of stamps a week, and carried off the prize essay in English by a lead of four and a half ounces—second-class postal matter.

When the time came for college, Smith selected as his alma mater the well-known correspondence institution, the Tallahoussie University of Okacheechee, Florida, Box D, general delivery, third floor. It was out of this box that J. Smith finally graduated.

Smith's college course had immensely broadened his outlook. He had not only taken the routine subjects of mathematics, physics, and the elementary sciences, but also had correspondence courses in College Life, Good Fellowship, and a course on the Influence of Social Intercourse on Human Happiness. He had taken also two courses on Patriotism, Internal and External, and half a course on Religion—a fixed requirement for graduation.

BUT there is no doubt that all the experiences of earlier life are as nothing when compared to the first coming of love. It came to J. Correspondence Smith with the same first blissful awakening of dreams and fancies that it has brought to all of us. Never could he forget that beautiful summer evening when he stood beside the lilacs in the dooryard and read in

"SPRING IS HERE"

The angular young man pictured here is Mr. Glenn Hunter, whose perennial adolescence has now been set to music and is on view at the Alvin Theatre

the twilight an advertisement in his *Weekly Evening Exchange and Family Fireside Companion* as follows:

Young lady, brunette, lonesome, would like to exchange letters with gentleman. Send photo and postage stamps for return.

It thrilled him as he stood. She was a brunette, and she was lonesome. And what she wanted was correspondence; and that was the best thing he did.

His hand for once trembled on the pen as he wrote back:

Young man, writing good hand, certificates in penmanship from three correspondence schools, begs accept offer lonesome brunette extent 2 ounces a week.

The course of love for once ran smooth. How Smith thrilled when he realized that she made a letter D exactly as he did, and that she could spell "pneumonia" without lifting the pen. One day, greatly daring, Smith gave the girl a kiss—on the corner of the letter—and the return post brought no rebuke.

The fateful day came when Smith, dressed in his best clothes, neatly shaved and with his hair well oiled, sat down and wrote firmly and clearly a letter of proposal of marriage. The happy answer reached him even before his oil was dry.

There followed a blissful period of engagement, with a letter by every post, and then marriage. Circumstances and distance made it impossible for Smith to be present at his marriage, which was confirmed by proxy, two notaries public exchanging certificates. Nor was it possible for Smith and his wife to live together, as their homes were in different parts of the country. But as husband and wife they settled down, by correspondence, to the routine of domestic life.

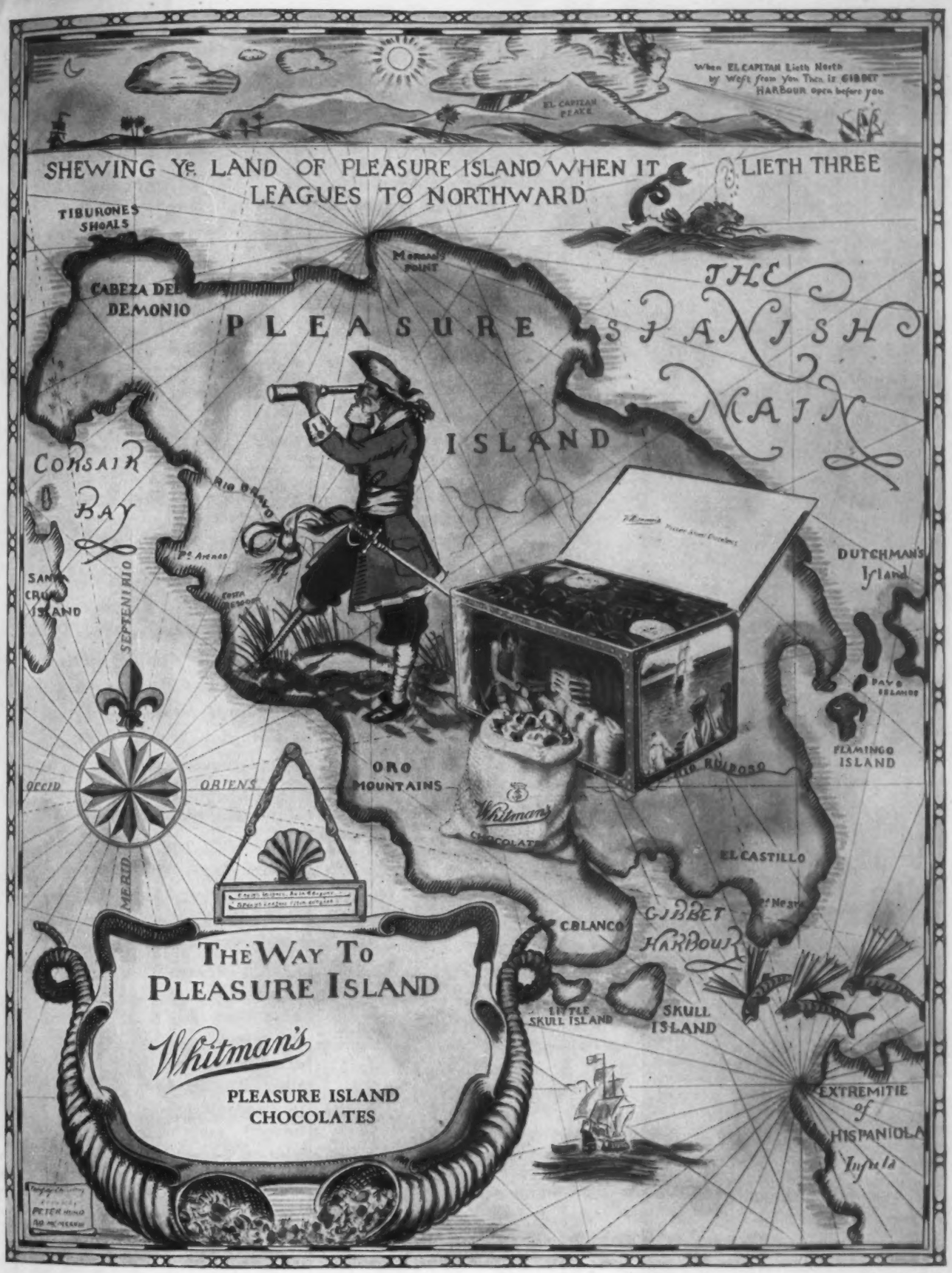
DURING all this period of courtship and marriage the plain stern business of earning a livelihood had been carried on by J. Smith with unremitting industry. And here he had met with well-merited success. An appointment as Local Correspondent of the Meteorological Weather Bureau at Washington gave him an assured if humble income, and brought him contact with various winds, storms, and cyclones which he might otherwise not have appreciated. It was his duty also to report all temperatures and change of temperatures on his own isothermal line, a business which kept him in constant telegraphic communication with at least six meridians of longitude. At the same time his work brought him membership in a number of corresponding scientific meteorological societies, while, as a hobby, he acted as horticultural correspondent for a garden magazine, reporting from time to time the growth of oak trees, everlasting thorn, and century plants. This crowded life left him but little time for diversion, yet he managed to carry on a game or two of chess with correspondents, selecting one in Alaska and one in Chee-Foo, China, to avoid over-rapidity in the play.

There came into Smith's life in due course the Great War, changing it and convulsing it from top to bottom, so that, as he himself said, the world scarcely seemed the same. Postage rates rose to four cents for half an ounce. Foreign correspondence was placed under censorship; at least ten of Smith's letters—as he himself used afterwards to relate—were sunk by submarines. His weather reports were reduced to two words a day for fear that the knowledge of how cold it was in his district might be of use to the Germans. In his chess game it was only possible to make one move in two years. In other words, as J. Smith himself admitted, the war was a hard cruel time during which he carried on as best he could.

Since the armistice, life on the whole has gone well with Correspondence Smith. His weather reports are again in full operation, and his correspondence is now wider than ever. The award by mail of two honorary degrees from correspondence schools has shown how the learned world has appreciated his success. In his domestic life Smith and his wife, though still unfortunately kept apart, have had their union blessed by a child (a little girl) adopted by correspondence with a Maternity Bureau for Homeless Children. The little one has been duly placed out at a Country Home for Selected Children, from which she writes every week (an ounce and a half) to each of her parents.

AND yet in spite of it all, from what I have known of J. Correspondence Smith and from what I have heard about him, the man is not altogether happy. He gets a feeling —have you ever had it yourself, my dear reader?—as if he had been too much a spectator in life and too little an actor. Sometimes it seems to him as if life had all but drifted past him

"Yes dear, on Arbor Day we will plant our first little tree."



The Treasure has been found. It is shared with all those who love sweets. The trail of the treasure hunter leads to the sign of the nearest Whitman agent —Ask him for Whitman's PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES. © S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Packard welcomes spring's arrival—and its own twenty-sixth anniversary—with an Open Car Show from April Sixth to Thirteenth, inclusive.

See the open car as Packard interprets it. Somewhere, in at least one phase of its performance, or its beauty, or its comfort and speed, there is complete justification for open car enthusiasm.

Come in and see this most inviting array of open and convertible Packard Eights.

The models on exhibition range in price from $2350 to $7035 at Detroit.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
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2110 Grand Concourse at 183rd St.

Ask the man who owns ONE

like a moving procession from which his own timidity debarred his entrance. Perhaps you have felt that, yes? J. Smith often wishes that at some time he had broken loose and done something—just what, he doesn't know, but something. If he had it all to do again, he says, he would plunge right boldly into everything that life offers, hit or miss, win or die, and use it to the very last gasp of it.

Therefore, if there turns out to be such a thing as metempsychosis, or the transfer of souls, and if Smith comes back, just watch for him. He'll do big things—at least that is what he says in his correspondence.

—STEPHEN LEACOCK

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HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

TACOMA, CITY OF THE SUN

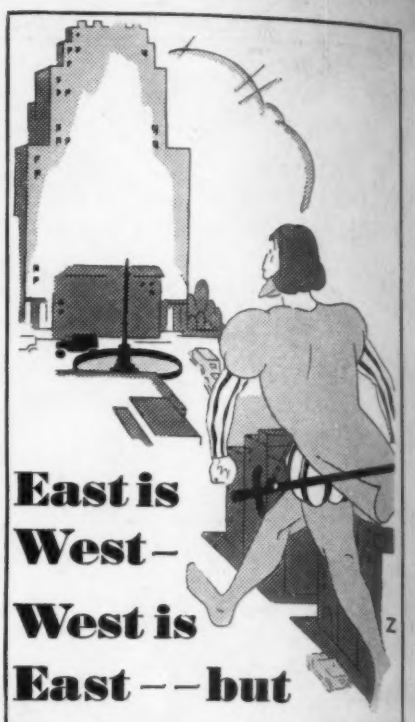
"The mountain! Wait till morning comes, my dear!"
I had arrived with twilight in Tacoma.
You'll find it on the maps as Mount Rainier,
But locally they think it a misnomah:
It is, and always has been, Mount Tacoma.

Came, as the movies say, the dawn.
But lo!
The mist hung jealously across the city,
Hiding the spire of eternal snow.
"The fates conspired against you.
What a pity!
One day a year it's misty through the city.

"You picked the one day! Wait until tomorrow—"
I waited; and the morrow came with mist
Thick as pea soup. They stared at me in sorrow.
"All summer long the sky's like amethyst.
We never heard of two such days of mist.

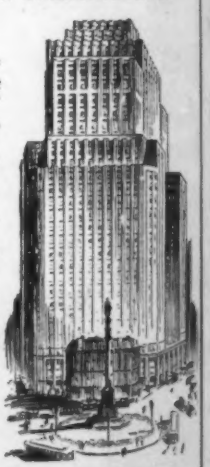
"Wait one day more." So one day more I waited.
So did the mist; and yet another day.
Still the moist canopy had not abated;
And as I packed my bags, I heard them say,
"The mountain! Oh, the mountain!
Wait one day—"

—A. K. L.



East is West—West is East—but both are easy!

Columbus sailed west to get east...and got America. Now his statue has the same fine vista of sunlight and air and Park as has the General Motors Building. Complete transit facilities make an office here easy to get to whether you live on the East Side or the West Side. And once you get here—the advantages of correct environment and modern service make for contentment.



Reasonable rentals in units of from 440 to 23,700 sq. feet—Lots of sunlight and air. ¶This location is an internationally known address. ¶Trained modern service—plenty of high speed elevators.

General Motors Bldg.

BROADWAY AT 57th ST.

HOFFMANN BUILDING, Inc., Owners—CIRcle 9500

A MATTER OF MOMENT

WHAT a perplexing task it is . . . this matter of keeping the unpredictable young woman of today not only precisely *on* the moment, but (what of course will always be of more import) just as precisely *of* it. Yet what a stimulating one it is . . . challenging the imagination of the artist, the ingenuity of the craftsman.

As for dividing and redividing the moments by which we live . . . this for generations has been the recognized forte of Swiss watchmakers. But to encase their handiwork of unquestionable precision in settings as precisely of the mode . . . that has long been the craft of Marcus & Company. Their art lies in capturing the exact line, the color, the design that will best accent the costume . . . that pertinent detail which is of such moment to those women whose preferences become tomorrow's vogue.

It is notable that these women do honor to Marcus & Company by accepting their watches with quite as much confidence in the timeliness of their design as they feel in the timeliness of their performance.

A wide selection of bracelet watches of unusual design from $7500 *to* $50. *Men who have achieved an enviable reputation for their superior mechanical skill will always service and keep them in repair for you.*

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. CHAPIN MARCUS

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

DA CAPO

LATE in January the newspapers announced that the dispersal of Jerome Kern's library by auction at the Anderson Galleries had brought the not untidy sum of $1,729,462. If you have ever cleaned out a heap of books you no longer wanted and heard the grudging accents with which the man from the second-hand shop offers to give fourteen dollars for the lot, you are in a better position to savor in a small way the sweetness of Mr. Kern's triumph.

As volume after volume was knocked down, most of them for many times more than he himself had paid a few years before (as his copy of "Queen Mab," for instance, which had changed hands in 1920 for six thousand dollars, was bought in this time for sixty-eight thousand dollars), dealers the world around brightened visibly. Probably even minor collectors looked at their own shelves with a new complacency, and, feeling suddenly richer, telephoned the Cunard Line to change their reservations for an outside stateroom *with* bath. It had long been a suspicion among the writers of music for our theatre that the composer of a score of scores from "Oh, Boy" to "Show Boat," knew more about music than any of their number. It could now be guessed that he was no fool about books. Everywhere there was a disposition to compliment him on his shrewdness as a horsetrader. Where, a few months ago, he had had merely Shelley's own copy of "Queen Mab" and a manuscript of Charles Lamb's, he now had in their place a saucy houseboat in which to float under southern skies.

There did remain a final unwritten chapter of the story, a pertinent question to which, if it occurred to you at all, you vainly searched the newspapers for an answer. Now that other people had the books which Kern spent twenty years in assembling and he had their $1,729,462, (minus certain deductions by the Anderson Galleries, the Collector of Internal Revenue, and others) did he wish he had his books back again? It is absurd of economists to assume that the invention of money did away with or even abated the essential anguish of barter. Now that it was all over, was he sorry?

TO get the answer, your correspondent was dispatched to Palm Beach. After a good night's rest at the Oasis Club, the proper mood for an investigation of such imponderables was induced by spending four hours at breakfast in the palm-shaded patio, its Lenten quiet disturbed only once when Mr. Hearst's society reporter called down from his room to ask how to spell "chloroform."

Other news stories were breaking on every side. Over at the Ziegfelds', for instance, little Patricia's pet cockatoo, Rasputin, had just embarrassed its christener by laying an egg and was being hastily renamed Edna Ferber. But resisting such detours, your single-minded correspondent repaired to Bradley's Pier, picked up a megaphone marked for the purpose, and agitated the blue waters of Lake Worth by yelling "Show Boat! Show Boat!" until an irritated launch put out and fetched him to the ladder of the Kern craft, lying sleek and sleepy in the tropical sun. As he leaped onto the ladder, he suppressed an impulse to say "It's nautical but it's nice" and thus begin the interview with a gale of laughter. Instead he went right to the point.

"How now, Mr. Kern? Are you kind of sorry you sold your library?"

"No," said Mr. Kern.

Having scored this beat, I leave to some more rested journalist the task of tracking down the answer to a cognate question. If Mr. Kern is content with having exchanged his "Queen Mab" for sixty-eight thousand dollars, how, in a like perspective, does Gabriel Wells feel about it? The clue is in that ingenuous sentence in the *Times* in which it was set forth that Mr. Wells "won it after a battle of bidding with Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach." The reporter must first find out whether Mr. Wells had not been bidding out of an explicable desire to annoy his rival. Then, if Mr. Wells does confess that he "won" the prize with no little chagrin, the reporter should press on to inquire how largely he felt the value of his entire collection, as well as of all other collections, had been enhanced by the publicity given to the notion that anyone still at large would pay sixty-eight thousand dollars for a copy of any book. The onlooking layman must constantly keep reminding himself that when a book mounts in market value eight hundred per cent in five years, even the dazed fellow parting with it is probably no more pleased than the dealer buying it in. The explanation lies in an unrecorded conversation which once took place when Dr. Rosenbach chanced to tell the late Mr. Widener that he had made a million dollars that day.

"In what stock?" asked his host.

"In my own," said the good doctor. "I went through it today and marked it up."

The supine beneficiary of such tactics, Mr. Kern's library finally grew so precious that it made him nervous to go fishing and leave it a possible prey to desperate booklovers in Bronxville. So he was ripe for Mitchell Kennerley's suggestion that he sell. Roundly and recklessly he replied that his price was a million.

"Do you mean a million net?" asked Kennerley, thereby creating a dilemma akin to that one manfully faced years ago when Louis Levy told Sir Joseph Duveen that his fee would be fifty thousand and the great art dealer asked, with pardonable curiosity, "Dollars or pounds?" Kern, too, proved equal to the occasion.

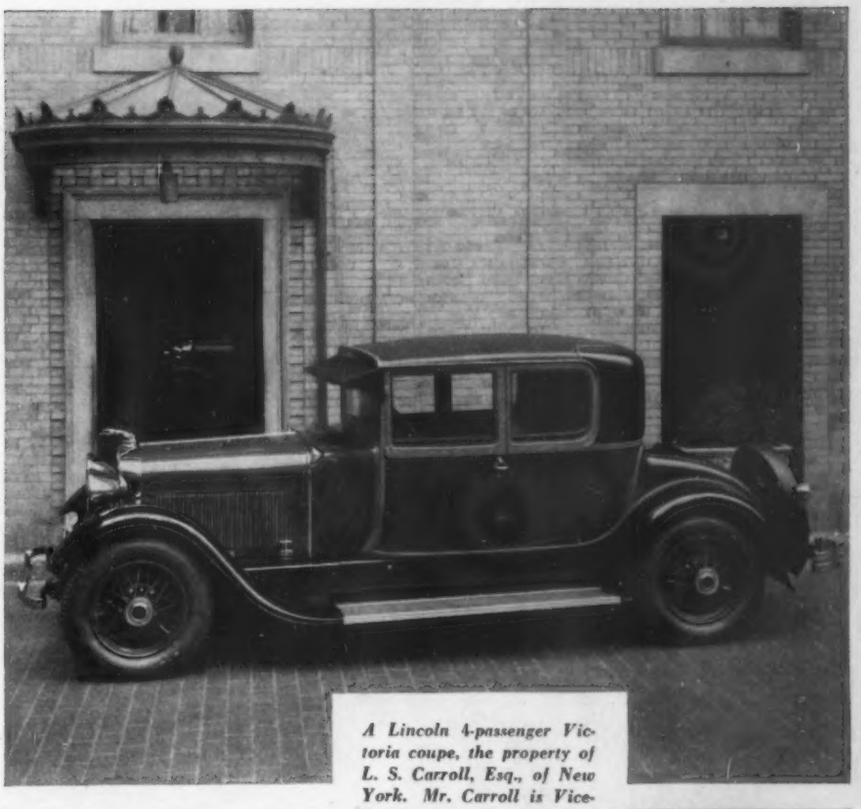
THERE remains only to report what he has been up to since. In addition to composing the successor to "Show Boat" and patiently explaining that he would have profited even more had he invested in General Electric instead of "Queen Mab" he has, of course, been buying more books to add to those withheld from the sale. For Mr. Kern does remind me of an old man I used to know whose collecting impulse was always outrunning his solvency and whose library was four times disposed of by sheriff's sale. One could not help noticing that this never made him downhearted. For what he enjoyed was not owning a library but assembling one.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

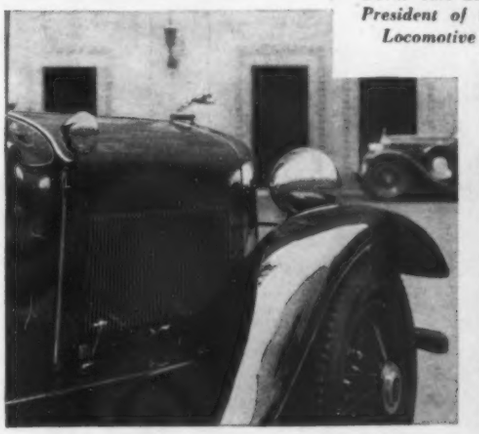
A CAR IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

IF YOU were to examine the list of prominent Lincoln owners (and they are to be found in every corner of the world) you could not fail to gain a new respect for this very individual motor car. For that list includes a great many royal personages, high governmental officials, foreign dignitaries and diplomats, well-known figures in business and society . . . names familiar in every corner of the world . . . people of substance and standing, knowing the best, and as a matter of course obtaining it. A most distinguished patronage.

Such people turn naturally to the Lincoln, because it is built for them . . . because it is at once beautiful and dignified . . . because it is smart . . . because it is so admirably made that it will bear them swiftly, silently, smoothly, season after season, wherever they wish to go. . . . Because, in its insistence upon excellence, in its unswerving fidelity to the highest ideals and traditions, it represents all that they value most.



A Lincoln 4-passenger Victoria coupe, the property of L. S. Carroll, Esq., of New York. Mr. Carroll is Vice-President of the American Locomotive Company.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THERE has been a great deal of jesting about the "Lost Dauphin," and, for all we are able to swear to, the Rev. Eleazar Williams may have been just the middle nineteenth-century version of the joke. However, because of the very fact that he did not take himself nor the claims that were made for him too seriously, his story is worth telling.

If he was really the man who should have been Louis XVII of France—and voluminous documents were compiled these fourscore years ago to bear out that contention—his drama had its beginning in that flaming climax to a mad Parisian chapter when Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were led away by Revolutionists to lay their heads, somewhat unwillingly, beneath the businesslike blade of the guillotine.

Out of the chaos of that cluttered period came the "official" story that the youth of ten, who by royalist standards automatically became the King of France when his father's head plumped into the basket, was taken from his parents and given into the custody of an unnecessarily cruel cobbler of the name of Simon. Later, this version had it, he was placed in solitary confinement, and, still later—on June 8, 1795, to be exact—came the curt announcement that he had died.

Out of the same chaos, too, there came a story that was unofficial. It was to the effect that the Dauphin, after being tortured to the point of imbecility, had been kidnapped from his custodians and carried off to America by agents of Louis Philippe, who later profited by the young man's absence from the scene to the extent of becoming king.

So much for the confused story of the Dauphin. Its unofficial version fits, by remarkable coincidence, into the story of Eleazar Williams, for, not very long after June 8, 1795, a Frenchman listed as Jourdan and his wife landed with a group of émigrés in New York, made their way to Lake George and, in the course of a few days, presented themselves to Thomas Williams, an Iroquois Indian, and asked that he adopt their ten-year-old son because they feared they would not be able to provide for him in this new country. That was the story of the squaw who mothered the boy.

Eleazar Williams himself made no pretence of knowing his beginnings. His first recollection, he declared, was that of being revived after he had struck his head against a rock diving into Lake George. He remembered nothing before that moment. He grew

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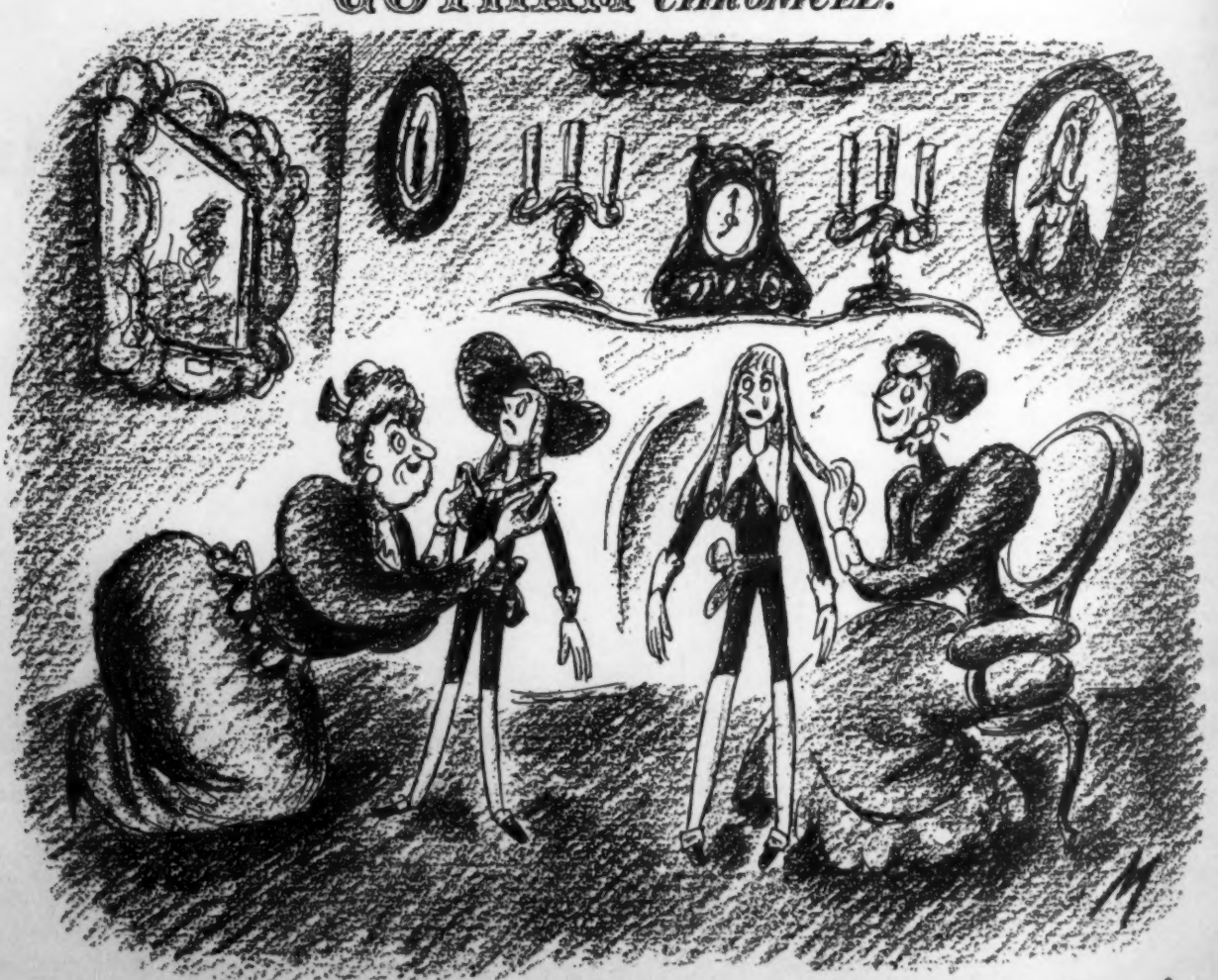
GOTHAM CHRONICLE.



Little **GENTLEMEN** *are made to wear* **CURLS,** *velvet breeches and lace collars in the craze that followed Frances Hodgson Burnett's* **"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."** (80's)

To SALES MANAGERS *seeking results with economy of sales effort and expense*

WHAT is an ideal market? . . . A compact metropolitan center with extensive warehouse and distribution facilities? A city of *homes* and *home owners*, creating a steady, persistent demand? A concentrated population which consumes carloads instead of express shipments?

Where a diversification of industry tends to stabilize the pay envelope? Where distribution is secured in days, instead of the usual months?

Philadelphia is all of these, . . . and more!

It is a market where one newspaper reaches nearly every home, where one newspaper's influence creates consumer demand, clears dealers' shelves of initial orders; makes *repeat* business for you.

The Confidence of Business Leaders

In 1928, The Bulletin carried more individual retail store advertisements than all other Philadelphia newspapers combined and more individual classified advertisements than any other Philadelphia newspaper. The Bulletin also leads in local and national display lineage.

In the Philadelphia area there are 600,000 homes. The Bulletin's circulation is 548,573 copies daily.

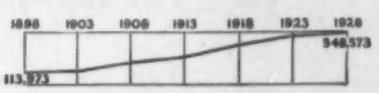
A circulation that means, not only coverage, but *influence* as well. Because it has been built entirely upon reader-confidence.

The Evening Bulletin has never used artificial circulation methods. No premiums or contests; no bold headlines to boost street sales. It has grown through thirty-three years, by making an interesting, dependable newspaper every day; by giving value and winning confidence; by adopting standards which Philadelphia homes approved.

Every copy sold represents an *interested* purchaser—and such a purchaser in nearly every home represents a unique opportunity . . .

The opportunity to create consumer preference for your product, in America's Third Market, with one newspaper.

An economy of sales effort and advertising expense which no other market offers.



The Evening Bulletin

One of America's Great Newspapers

The Bulletin is a newspaper planned for Philadelphia. Circulation has been built on a sane, permanent basis through the years. Today, in every suburb, as in the city, it greatly exceeds the circulation of any other newspaper.

City Hall Square

PHILADELPHIA

New York Office: 247 Park Avenue
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Avenue
Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Boulevard
San Francisco Office: 681 Market Street

Copyright, 1929, Bulletin Co.

Suppressed Stories—No. 5

WHEN FATHER TAKES A HAND IN THE MASQUERADE COSTUME

Today's daughter meets his outburst by pointing out his error. Of course she's fully dressed. The old darling just doesn't see well with his reading glasses. But after all, how can you blame him? Fujia 51's are scarcely visible even to younger eyes!

Fujia 51's, you must know, are McCallum stockings — 51-gauge sheer, fine, luxurious and in the most enchanting colors. Ask for them in shops of unquestioned smartness.

Advertisement

up among the Indians, was sent to a white man's school in Massachusetts, fought in the war of 1812 and then, renouncing Catholicism, came to New York, became a member and later a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church and finally a missionary to the Indians he knew so well.

It was when he decided to translate into the Mohawk, or Iroquois, language the Book of Common Prayer and several of the more prominent psalms and hymns that he became a New Yorker. That was in the eighteen-fifties. The church committee under which he undertook the work was quartered here, so he came here to live long enough to carry out his plans.

It was at that time that the story that he was the "Lost Dauphin" became thoroughly noised abroad. First of all, he looked a Bourbon. Frequently at the soirées of Dr. J. W. Francis, an early New York patron of art and artists whose housewarmings were famous, foreign visitors remarked the unusual resemblance to the Louis.

And there were other things. He himself reported that, in 1841, when the Prince de Joinville visited America he had journeyed all the way to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where Williams then had missionary headquarters, and asked an appointment "to discuss a matter of great importance." The Prince, he declared, told him he was the son of a king and urged him, in the interest of French political conditions, to sign papers of abdication. This the minister refused to do. Nor did he press his claim.

Some years later Williams permitted friends to see a letter he had received from a Thomas Kimball of New Orleans, reporting that a man named Bellanger had died there, confessing that he had brought the Dauphin to America, had placed him with an Indian family, and that his name was Eleazar Williams. When friends sought to investigate, no record of the death of a Bellanger in New Orleans could be found.

For years the question was argued back and forth in books and pamphlets and in drawing-rooms. Williams never claimed the throne and took little part in the discussion. He wrote of it occasionally in his diary, and one of

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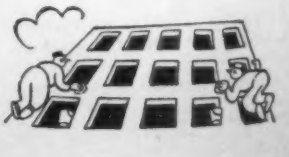
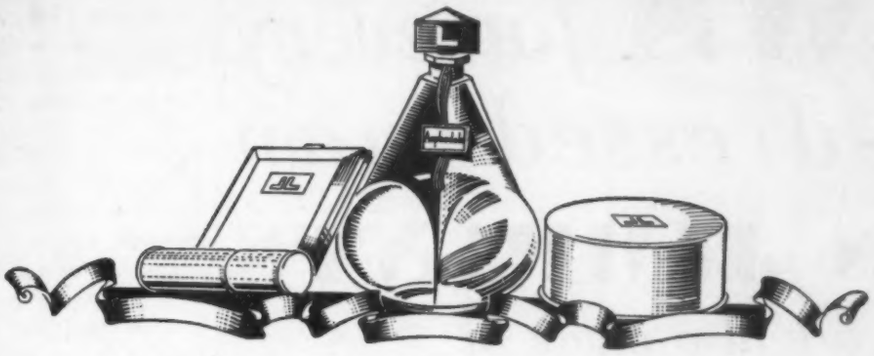




TOUCHED WITH A FLOWER'S SORCERY

Her luminous beauty is sheathed in a mist of fragrance. Her soft cheek is as delicately scented as a night moth's velvet wing. And the warm curve of her lips is a provocative perfumed mystery. *Lenthéric* has touched her loveliness with a flower's sweet allure... The misty clinging powder bestows a petal-texture ... the lipstick endows her with its subtle glowing sorcery... the slim silvery compact is a ready hand-maiden to her beauty. In all the finer shops, as well as in the Lenthéric Salon, you will find a complete ensemble of fragrance in your favorite Lenthéric odeur, reflecting with rich fidelity the radiance of *Asphodèle, Miracle* or *le Pirate*... Soothing as scented pomade are the *Lenthéric* lipsticks in cases as gay as toys of pearl-and-gold... Each silver-misted powder box holds *its own matching puff!*.. So slim and jewel-like is the silvery compact that you're surprised to discover it serves a double purpose—and each has its *extra powder refill.* At delightfully moderate prices.

Lenthéric *Paris*

PARFUMS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET · NEW YORK

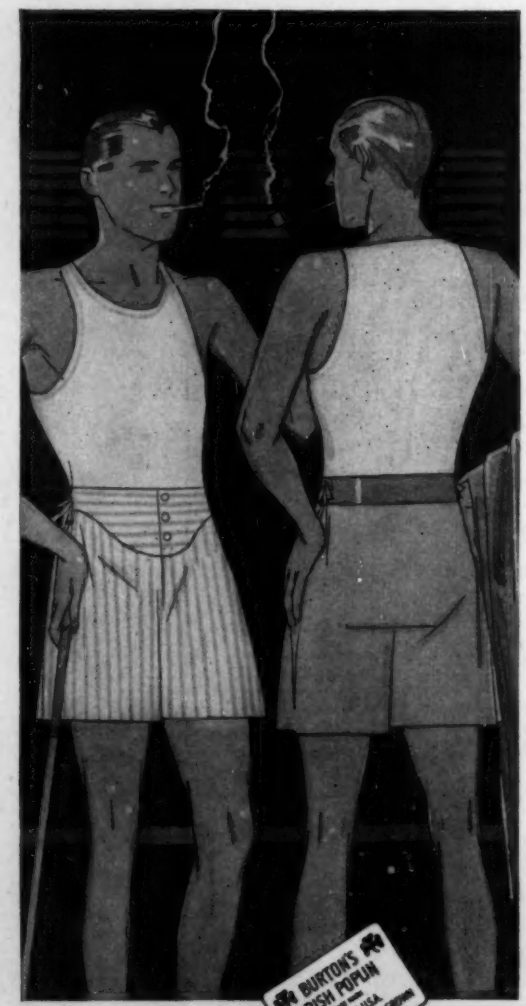
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ PARIS, FRANCE

NEWS *for every well-dressed man*

REIS JIMPANTS

are also made in

Burton's Irish Poplin



NOW—when the connoisseur of underwear calls for his Reis Jimshirts and Jimpants, he will find the lower member of this great combination offered in one more fine material—Burton's Irish Poplin.

A truly wonderful fabric—famous for its rich texture, its smoothness, its stubborn resistance to wear.

The best men's wear shops and departments are now showing the new Reis Jimpants in Burton's Irish Poplin—in neat patterns, pastel shades and plain colors. Priced from $1.65 to $2.00, with Reis Jimshirts from 75c to $3.50. Robert Reis & Company, No. 2 Park Avenue, New York.

Change to

REIS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

JIMSHIRTS AND JIMPANTS

the last entries found there declared the subject "very afflictive" to him. And he spent his life in the interest of a very different sort of kingdom than that he might have ruled.

NOT that it makes a great deal of difference, but, if it had not been for Christopher Billopp, Staten Island might now belong to New Jersey instead of embracing one of the five boroughs which comprise the city of New York. He was, in a way, a Lindbergh type of hero of a very early day, for he won his fame, and the island, by sailing round it in twenty-three hours.

Billopp was born in Coventry some time after Lady Godiva had achieved her place in at least one public eye. He was the son of an obscure merchant and might have followed in that trade had it not been for an uncle who had once saved the life of Queen Elizabeth, in a manner the historians have not chosen to detail. With the uncle's influence he obtained a commission in the British navy and worked his way to a captaincy by taming a large number of ferocious Turkish pirates.

Why he happened to come to New York in 1667 isn't clear. But he arrived at the height of a heated argument. The Duke of York had conveyed the territory of New Jersey to Berkeley and Carteret some time before. Now the Jersey residents were insisting that the grant included the islands in the harbor. The controversy raged until finally the Duke of York decided to settle the point. He ruled that all harbor islands that could be circumnavigated in twenty-four hours were to go to New York. Staten Island, of course, was the big bone of contention because of its size.

So when Captain Billopp sailed into the harbor with his ship, the Bentley, a small vessel with two cannon, he probably heard at his first American dinner the talk that was on everyone's tongue. It isn't on record why he decided to fling himself into the dispute. He could not have had time to develop a political preference. One theory is that New Yorkers entertained him so royally that he wanted to repay them by a gallant gesture. Another is that he was simply fond of any sort of adventure.

The residents of New Jersey counted the island theirs. They did not believe the conditions that had been set forth for the New Yorkers could be met. They had nothing to prove. All they needed to do was wait. And all the

as a sub-deb wired back from the family ranch . . .

I JUST ADORE CACTUS AND THE DESERT IS HOT STUFF BUT COULD I COME HOME I WANT TO SEE MARY ELLIS IN MEET THE PRINCE BECAUSE SHE IS ALWAYS SO GORGEOUS BUT ANYWAY SEND ME A LOT OF LUX TOILET SOAP* BECAUSE ONE MUST BE BEAUTIFUL EVEN ON A RANCH AND THIS WATER IS HARD AS YOUR HEARTS WHICH IS SAYING A GOOD DEAL - YOUR YOUNGEST CHILD

*So many of the stars of the Broadway successes are using Lux Toilet Soap! Like 9 out of 10 screen stars, they are devoted to it because it keeps the skin so exquisitely smooth. At the actresses' request, leading theaters throughout the country have placed this white, fragrant soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters use it, and out in Hollywood all the great film studios have made it the official soap for dressing rooms. Are *you* using it? Lux Toilet Soap—10¢.

MARY ELLIS, *who has been giving such a charming performance in* Meet the Prince, *first thrilled New York theater-goers in* Rose Marie. *Then she transferred her lovely voice and fine dramatic talent from the operatic stage to star in* The Dybbuk, Desire Under the Elms, *and* The Romantic Young Lady.

The modern version of The Taming of the Shrew *added to her reputation for versatile charm, and last year she starred in* Twelve Thousand.

Mary Ellis realizes so well how carefully an actress must guard the loveliness of her skin. She says: "How did I ever get along without Lux Toilet Soap, I wonder? I rely on it to keep my skin perfectly smooth."

A MATTER OF TASTE

THE preference for Squibb's Dental Cream is just that. Especially if you smoke. For the daily use of Squibb's is a mighty inexpensive way to get the fullest flavor from your cigar or cigarette.

Right from the start, you'll find each puff more mellow—more full-bodied. 'Cause Squibb's deposits myriads of small Milk of Magnesia particles in the mouth crevices.

There they stay protecting you from a bitter, jaggy taste.

Squibb's Dental Cream is for sale at all drug stores. 40c a generous tube. Start today to get the full joy of smoking.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

Listen in every Friday evening from 7.15 to 7.30 Eastern Standard Time over Stations WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW, *for interesting talks on the preservation of health by eminent authorities through broadcasting facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.*

GUARD THE DANGER LINE

loyal skippers of New York began to make their preparations to have a fling at keeping a valuable bit of property in the province.

Billopp apparently confided his plans to few. The Bentley's sails were mended and set. And then one dawn it set out. It was a curious sight as it sailed away, for its decks were piled high with empty barrels. No one knew why and no one considered the fact significant until, twenty-three hours later and with an hour to spare, Captain Billopp brought the Bentley back to its starting point, with Staten Island safely in the New York column. Then he explained that the empty barrels, with ends open, had caught the breeze with stimulating effect in certain stretches of the course and, in others, had proved very light ballast for shallow waters.

As a result of his accomplishment, the Duke of York presented the captain with eleven hundred and sixty-three acres of land on the island he had encircled. Billopp arranged for his release from the navy and proceeded to settle down. He sent to Belgium for bricks, to England for cement, took lumber from the island forests and built himself a splendid mansion. It was so splendid, in fact, that it still stands, in what is now Tompkinsville, at the corner of Hylan and Craig Boulevards. It has been restored a bit, but is very much as it originally was.

The captain assumed a certain importance in the affairs of the colony for a time, being commissioned an officer in an infantry regiment and later made "commander and sub-collector of New York on the Delaware Bay and River." But he evidently didn't take well to life ashore. He broke into the records a few years later for having kicked and beaten one William Bryan (not the Commoner) for refusing to sign his indentures. Finally he lost his political and military positions because he "misconducted himself in extravagant speeches in public."

The story is that he finally went back to England and died there in jail. But that may be just a story. There are those, in fact, who say that he didn't even sail around Staten Island.

—RUSSEL CROUSE

•

DENVER RECIPES TODAY. Cattle, 1,100; calves, 325; hogs, 200; sheep, none—*Boulder (Colo.) News Herald.*

Mix them all together they spell "Mother."

"a little down on a big bill

discount all you amusementally hear and most of that you see", said the clever cinema customer "for the only programs of 100% entertainment are those"

at the paramount

where
gary cooper and "whoopee" lupe appear in paramount's "wolf song"—frankie and johnny in the mountains and oh how they did love!

and on the stage
is "say it with flowers" pistils, pinky petals and the paramount stage band in a floral revue for the fauna

at the organ
is jesse crawford assisted maritally, musically by the missus . . . oh, bliss beyond compare!

at the rivoli—united artists

where bless our ears and surely our eyes is the new mary pickford, shorn of locks and soft of voice in "coquette"—a united artists talkie . . . what will the boys in the backroom have?

at the rialto

is mrs. bow's, all-talking clara, in paramount's "wild party"—a fervid frolic in female jungles with a gal on a man hunt.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Joan of Arc and Mary Dugan—Orchids or Tulips—Dullish

ALONG with the lilies of Easter there have bloomed so many new movies that you can go to one a night for a week and still have some for matinées; but if you attempt this schedule, we cannot prophesy a very happy time. Only one of the pictures has any distinction, and most of the them are utter trash.

The exception is "The Passion of Joan of Arc," a French film, now showing at the Little Carnegie. This gives us the trial of Joan, presented almost entirely in a series of closeups of Joan and of her judges, ending with her burning at the stake and with its effect upon the beholders of the tragedy. The pictorial quality is unusual, the faces, being brought forward so enlarged as to reveal the porous texture of the skin, are at times disconcerting and even shocking, especially in the cases of the prelates who are questioning the girl.

Joan herself, played by Mlle. Falconetti, has great beauty. The close-shorn head of the peasant girl, with its fine sculptural molding, suggests the sublimity of her conviction and the simplicity of her origin. It is possible that more might have been done with the presentation. There is a certain monotony and a lack of vitality in this Joan; she never suggests the girl who has led an army and whose replies to her inquisitors at her trial, as chronicled in history and even as shown in the few examples given in the film, indicated an alert intelligence. More variety in her moods would have given a great lift to the whole picture. The petty brawl, too, with which the tragedy is concluded seems anticlimactic, and does not help to stress the enormity of what has just happened. As a whole, however, the picture is one of the few of the year which merit serious attention.

THERE is a vast abyss between this film and the others to be considered, and at the risk of appearing ridiculous, if not profane, we must pass on to such mundane matters of the moment as "The Trial of Mary

The Informal Manner of the

Jacquard Sweater Dress

FOR the country occasions of Spring, or to be worn informally in town, De Pinna presents two-piece frocks in the imported novelty woolens . . . knitted suits from French and Viennese looms . . . Patou's jacquard jumpers and Schiaparelli's modern-motif sweaters combined with matching silk crepe skirts. The Patou model illustrated is $120. Knitted suits from $25 to $85.

Women's and Misses' Sizes

DE PINNA

Importers and Outfitters

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET

A NEW NECKTIE MAKES ITS APPEARANCE

HAND TAILORED
BY RESILIO
Look for the loose strand of silk thread

Six-inch diagonal stripes in two-color rep silks

What a good looking cravat it is -- no wonder the best dressed men of London and New York are wearing it

When tied one shade shows in the knot and another between the knot and vest line. A new and smart effect is achieved

Colorings are brown, red, blue and grey -- each necktie combines two shades of the same color family

PRICED AT ONE-FIFTY

WALLACH BROTHERS

NEW YORK
53 Broadway
Broadway corner 29th
385 Broadway at Chambers
Fifth Ave opposite the Library
Fifth Avenue corner 28th
41st at 7th Avenue
246-248 West 125th St.
Fordham Rd. corner Marion Avenue
BROOKLYN
Court corner Montague
JAMAICA, L. I.
Jamaica Ave corner 160th St.
838-850 Broad Street—NEWARK

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

Dugan." In its way this is a reasonably successful all-talking picture, adapted closely from last year's stage success, with Norma Shearer in the part of the wrongly accused young lady. If you are not completely sick of courtroom movies, with their everlasting refrain of "the whole truth—and nothing but the truth," you will find this pleasant enough and superior in mechanical treatment to the others of its ilk that have gone before.

Greta Garbo displays her familiar beauty in John Colton's "Wild Orchids," a rather hack "triangle" story enriched with some scenes in Java which are so preposterously gorgeous as to be almost funny. After these, the quaint homely tulips and windmills of the little Dutch town which is the setting for Janet Gaynor's "Christina" seem a relief, though there is not much else to hold interest in this sentimental mild little drama.

THE other pictures range from dull to deplorable. McLaglen's "Strong Boy" is about baggagemen in a railroad station, and the sweet girl who runs the news-counter. "Chinatown Nights," with Florence Vidor and Wallace Beery, is old hack nonsense about tong wars. "Children of the Ritz" and "Clear the Decks" are both in the tempo of hysterical humor.

Then there is Miss Clara Bow. Miss Bow, it is rumored, has an extensive and loyal public. Those not belonging to this consistory will find her new picture, "The Wild Party," something very like a Hurtig & Seamon girl show disguised as a comedy of undergraduate life in a women's college.—J. C. M.

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LINES

ON THE BACK OF
AN OLD ENVELOPE

Coffee, ginger ale, and tea.
Phone the dentist. Bank by three.
Look at periwinkle-blue
Evening dresses. Wave at two.
Ginger ale. A leather box.
Tommy's birthday. Woollen socks.
Wanamaker's sweater sale.
Theatre tickets. Ginger ale.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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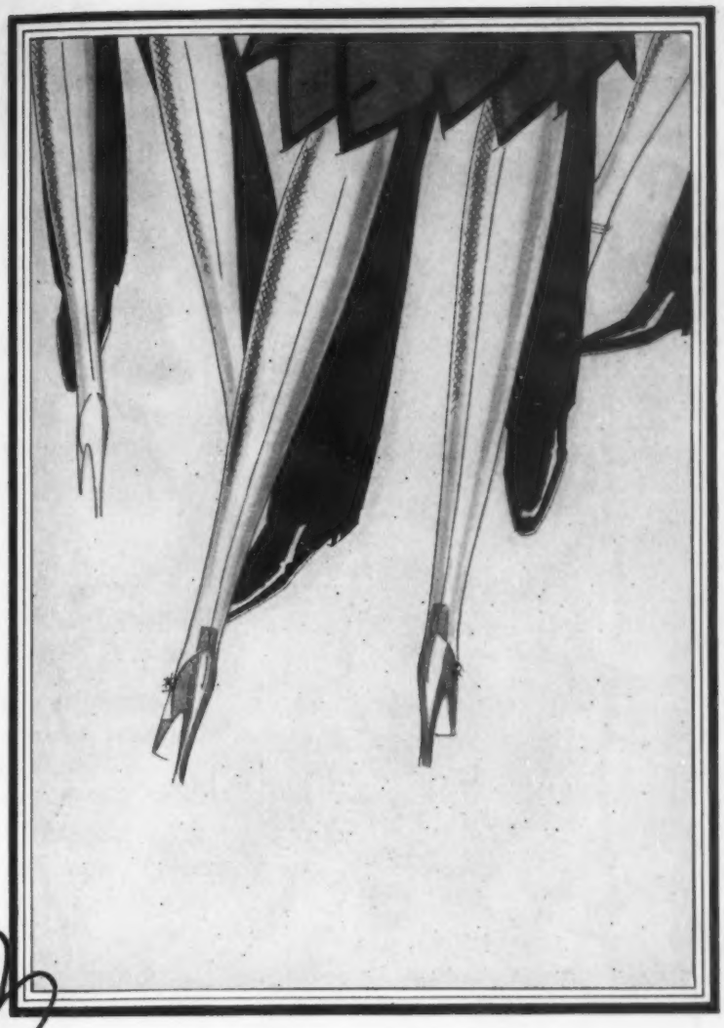
Because of lack of space, the *Daily News* regrets to announce that the daily true story has been forced out of today's issue.—*Announcement in the Philadelphia Daily News.*

Well, we can't have everything in this world.



In this radical departure from her conservative traditions the Major's "Joan" testifies for our lovely "Queen Victoria" stockings. And all without any "liberal persuasion" on the part of Peck & Peck.

Messrs. Peck & Peck

May I as a bull-dog and a Britisher, comment upon Chloe, the Sealyham's endorsement of your lovely "Silken Snare" hosiery?

This sort of thing may be all right, you know, and I for one have nothing at all to say against those splendid netted stockings.

But on behalf of the Empire and the Baldwin ministry, I think it only right that, as a son of Albion, I rise (in this unpaid for testimonial) and call for three rousing huzzas for that splendid formal evening stocking — of yours — and of Ours —

$4.00

The "Queen Victoria" of

PECK & PECK

Fifth Avenue, at 55th
Madison Ave., at 69th

Fifth Ave., *at 47th Street*

Fifth Avenue, at 42nd
Wall Street, at No. 34

So they brought the ovens over

Chocolate Delight

RARE, fine flours blended and baked to a perfect crispness, shortened with special pastry butter and exquisitely flavored with amber honey, chocolate or nature's most delicate fruit nectars. Such is the famous English biscuit. It is one cogent reason why the English are so faithful to the institution of "Tea." It is a delicious counterpoint to the occasional glass of milk. It is a tasty complement of dessert.

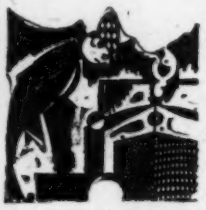
The English biscuit long has been a favorite with Americans visiting England; and even has suffered the long voyage to America to satisfy the tastes of those committed to the biscuit's subtle perfections. But now, New Yorkers may enjoy English Quality Biscuits oven-fresh; for Weston has imported English ovens, traditions, father-to-son secrets and all to bake the "biscuit" in the U.S.A.

His biscuits are at your store in neat pound packages or in bulk; and at no greater price than you have been paying for ordinary little cakes. Ask for Weston's English Quality Biscuits. George Weston Biscuit Co., Inc., New York—Watertown, Mass.—Toronto, Canada.

WESTON'S ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS

MOTORS

Quietly Modern—Two-Piece Rumble and a Side Door — Fluffy Ruffles



NEW models, even those with democratic prices, are modernistic, adhering to the essentials of design, without preciousness in line or color. De Soto, for instance, offers a black roadster with orange wire spokes, orange striping, light-tan leather upholstery, and a khaki top. The light colors occupy so small a part of the picture that the effect is at the same time both conservative and modern. The brackets for the top are neither all-metal nor all-wood, but a combination of both—a popular style this season—and the upholstery has been chosen cannily, for the leather on the doors is darker than that on the seats. The scuffing and handling to which doors are subjected make this a wise precaution.

PIERCE-ARROW, as might be expected, continues to be very Sutton Place, though one of its sedans creates a rather new effect with a maroon body and dune-brown or black trimmings. The novelty lies in the degree to which the trimmings dominate the color scheme. The wide borders to the windows, the running-boards, the panels at the base of the body, and the broad wooden wheel-spokes are all in castor. The entire effect really makes the maroon of the body seem a secondary color that has been imposed on the surrounding trimmings.

Several details in this car are indicative of the latest fashions. The rim between the wheel and the tire is finished in nickel, an increasing practice these days. The position of the headlamps is optional; you may choose between the fender type and the more common bracket lamps. The hub-caps are rather small.

THE almost squarish Oldsmobile fits in with the present emphasis on simple proportions, and its heavy nickel radiator-shell and the metal vizor help to emphasize its solidity. Being more or less a general-utility car, it sensibly makes no special play for style beyond the bare principles of good usage; its great quality, as was

STUTZ
THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY
BLACK HAWK

Encore

When a Stutz owner buys a new car it is almost sure to be another Stutz.

We might furnish a long list of figures in substantiation. But it is sufficient to note that the longer a man drives a Stutz the more enthusiastic a Stutzite he becomes.

It is the new design, the simpler engineering principles of Stutz and the new Blackhawk that provide this modern standard of performance. Low weight, made possible by the worm drive, gives a better type of road adhesiveness, a freedom from chuck and dip, an absence of "toppiness" and side sway that provide a new experience in riding and driving ease—plus utmost safety.

And refinements such as the "Noback," that automatically prevents undesirable and dangerous backward rolling of cars on hills and inclines without applying the brakes, are possessed by Stutz and Blackhawk alone.

STUTZ
sells at $3395 to $6895

BLACKHAWK
at $2345 to $2955

Prices, f. o. b. factory

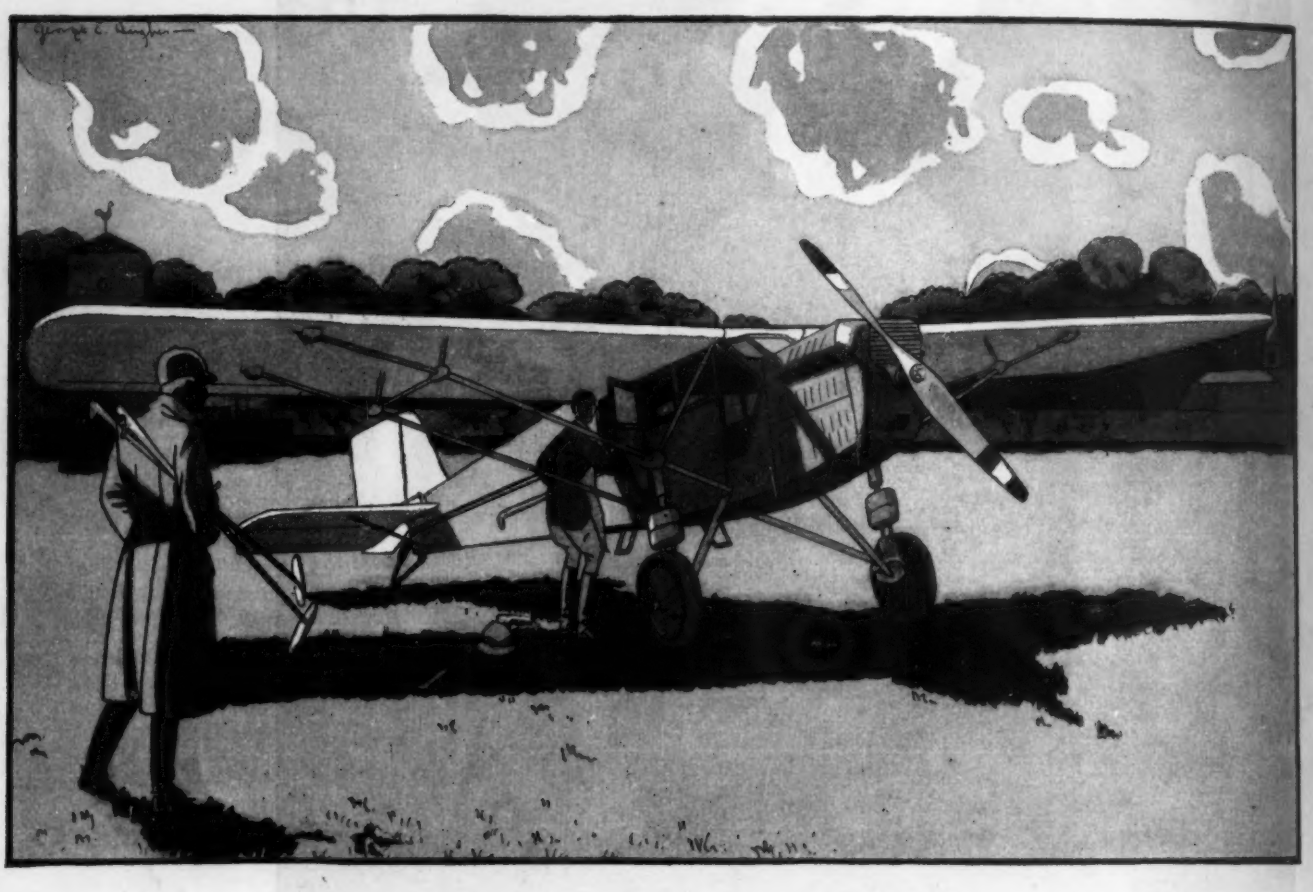
Stutz New York Company, Inc.
Broadway at 62nd Street
Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

ANTON BRUEHL

Eight first-night performances were held in New York one evening without causing the slightest undue ripple. • Of the eight plays which opened, one survived. It seems that the general lavishness of metropolitan life has not made New Yorkers lose their sense of discrimination. • The same unerring gift has caused our well-groomed citizens to select Town Series Suits from the very respectable variety of good clothing shown on the Isle of Manhattan. $55, $65, $75, lined with silk.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

A Luxurious, Three-Place, Closed Cabin Monoplane . . . Easy to Handle and Economical to Fly . . . . .



The CURTISS ROBIN marks the first sign of spring on many a sportsman's estate—*for* this comfortable and reliable airplane is a fast and modern means of traveling the shortest distance between two points.

(Further Information Gladly Furnished)

CURTISS FLYING SERVICE, INC.

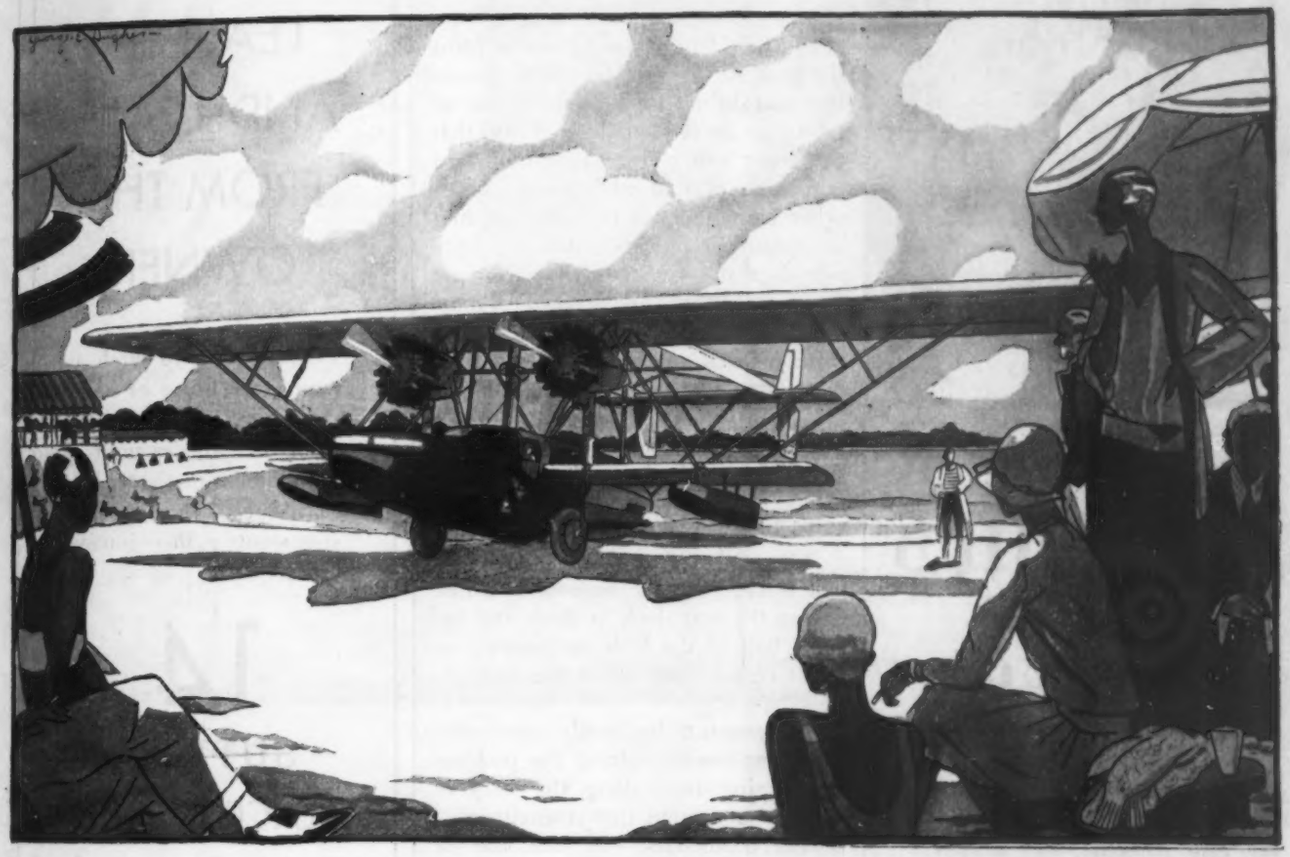
NEW YORK OFFICE—GARDEN CITY—LONG ISLAND

Sole Sales Agents for

CURTISS AEROPLANE AND MOTOR CO., INCORPORATED
SIKORSKY AVIATION CORPORATION IRELAND AIRCRAFT, INCORPORATED
CURTISS-ROBERTSON AIRPLANE MFG. CO.

"—World's Oldest Flying Organization"

On Bailey's Beach—
This Powerful Amphibion Emerges Refreshed
After Flying 2000 Miles From Florida



The Twin-Motored **SIKORSKY AMPHIBION**

(Duplicate of this plane owned by Mr. J. H. WHITNEY)

Silent, swift and sure, this finely appointed amphibion is rapidly being adopted as the air-yacht of international sportsmen—

Only the twin-motored Sikorsky can fly and climb on one engine—and take off or land with equal ease on land or water.

(Write for further information)

CURTISS FLYING SERVICE, INC.

NEW YORK OFFICE—GARDEN CITY—LONG ISLAND

Sole Sales Agents for

CURTISS-ROBERTSON AIRPLANE MFG. CO.
SIKORSKY AVIATION CORPORATION IRELAND AIRCRAFT, INCORPORATED
CURTISS AEROPLANE AND MOTOR CO., INCORPORATED

"—World's Oldest Flying Organization"

Whyte's

FOR YOUNG NEW YORKERS

WHEN lovely ladies swished their hoop skirts into tiny hansoms, and sideburns were the proud possession of staid gentlemen, Whyte's famous restaurant was already serving good, substantial food to bankers and business men in the financial district.

Now Whyte's will cater to the business men UPTOWN and lovely ladies on Fifth Avenue—cater to men with epicurean tastes and to women who seek good food daintily served in an atmosphere of TODAY—cater to young New Yorkers of all ages.

LUNCHEON : TEA : DINNER

DANCING to SMITH BALLEW'S ORCHESTRA—a National Broadcasting Feature—from 6:30 to 9:30 P.M.

Open Sunday for Luncheon & Dinner

• • •

Saturday Tea with Dancing

In the Lefcourt National Bldg.

5th Avenue at 43rd Street

**Mr. Whalen's no-parking rule does not apply. You CAN park here.*

the case with its predecessors, is its quick getaway in traffic.

CLAMORING as we have been for many months on behalf of rumble-seat riders, we are delighted by the roadster design used in both the Studebakers and the Erskines. In these the rear deck over the seat is in two pieces, instead of being a one-piece affair which you lift up to form the back of the rumble. This means that you do not have to reach over so far to get at the handle, and also that the front half can be folded upward out of the way of one's knees. Another neat feature (which you find on a number of cars now) is a little side door through which one can put away golf clubs, and a further comfort is the provision of double windshield-wipers. There is also a little metal grip, like the handle on a handbag, with which you can tilt the windshield at the proper angle. This should be standard on all cars, instead of the elaborate devices so often provided.

The roadsters are finished in canary and black, with the unusual touch of having the rear deck in black and the front half of the body in canary—an effect considerably above the average.

HUPMOBILE has made some progress toward solving the problem of carrying tires along the sides of the car—a custom that is unattractive though fashionable—by the use of metal tire-containers enamelled in the same color as the fenders. Special equipment of this sort lets you carry two extra wheels somewhat gracefully, while avoiding the inconvenience of having them stick out at the back of the car.

IN the midst of all these cars conceived in the hard-edged and swank manner, some woebegone citizens probably still harbor a liking for the age of fluffy ruffles. For such Chevrolet offers a bluejay-colored convertible coupé roadster with disc wheels. You can have plain tailored bodies if you like, but there stands Chevrolet's warble of spring, flamboyant and unashamed. Sentimental old thing that we are, we like it.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

Our lines of ladies' skirts display the unusual.—*Dress manufacturer's circular.*

Pish. There's been nothing unusual for years.

LEASED HOME
LEAST RESPONSIBILITY

LEASE... AND LEASE FROM THE OWNER

For those who wish a permanent home of high character . . . without entailing the worries and responsibilities that enter into the purchase of an apartment . . . there is now being built at

14 SUTTON PLACE SOUTH

N. W. Corner of Fifty-Sixth Street

a thoroughly up-to-date, 14 story apartment building...ready for occupancy early in the autumn of 1929. 3 to 6 rooms . . . with ample baths and spacious closets. Leases closed early enough permit of larger and duplex apartments conforming to tenants own ideas.

Typical floor plans and price range may be had on application.

ROBERT WALTON GOELET
18 East 47th Street
Vanderbilt 7414

Or your own broker

HOCKEY

The Stanley Cup Goes North — All-Star Men

THE sure-thing gamblers who watched Boston win the Stanley Cup must have had an unpleasant evening. Not that Boston did not stand to win, but why should they win in Madison Square Garden, when to lose would tie up the series and make possible another game, and one with a capacity crowd, at Boston? That is the way the gamblers figured it out and they must have backed the Rangers; for in spite of a defeat the night before, and the fact that they had not had time to rest after their exhausting series with the Americans and then with Toronto, the New York team went on the ice at even money.

Since every playoff series of the season in both groups of the league was decided in straight games, and therefore with a minimum of returns for the players and the box office, the sure-money betters got no breaks at all. They probably, as I say, did not enjoy the final game, although the rest of the crowd seemed to like it well enough. It was the appropriate climax of a great season. Listless in Boston the night before, showing plainly the strain of the previous ten days, the Rangers got back their speed with an unaccountable but characteristic suddenness. They came near winning —so near that being beaten did not mean much. Physically they took a lot of punishment. Leo Bourgault was knocked out by Hitchman, and for no apparent reason, at a moment when he was getting up from a fall and when neither of the referees was looking. He got up again, then fell forward of his own weight, but though he had to be carried off the ice he was whistling and passing wisecracks a few minutes later in the dressing-room. Whistling was not bad luck any more —the season was over. All the players were bruised and cut up but they were all in a fine humor.

YOU did not have to be very smart to pick Boston to win the Stanley Cup. They stepped fast all season, and in the last six weeks hit a stride they have been trying for during the last four years. Every year Boston has made a bid for the Cup. That

Established 90 Years

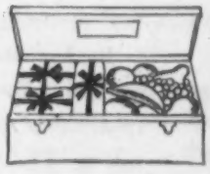
PITY POOR MARCO POLO

Forth he fared, way back in the dark ages of traveling sans big ocean line, sans stateroom, sans deck robe, and —worst of all — sans a Bon Voyage Box from Dean's.

Pity poor Marco Polo—who never knew the joy of serving Dean's Cakes and Jellies for a cabin tea—who never knew the delight of passing a box of Dean's Assorted Nuts, Steamship Peppermints, Glace Ginger, or Lemon Drops to grateful fellow-passengers.

Fortunately, none of *your* friends need fare forth to Europe or around the world without this most welcome of all Bon Voyage gifts; not when there is a very efficient order department at Dean's to help you select one of the 68 different kinds of boxes (or even make up a special box for some very special person), and to see that it is promptly delivered aboard.

If you can't consult this order department in person, just telephone the amount you want to invest, then the name of the ship, and leave the rest to them—and the recipient.



Dean's

22 EAST 57th STREET

BETWEEN FIFTH AND MADISON AVENUES

Telephone REGENT 3900

Dorothy Gray

TOWER OF LOVELINESS

The straight young column of a woman's throat

LIFE gave you a proud gift. In the smooth sweep of your throat there is ageless beauty, and enduring youth. Strange if you should neglect such loveliness! Strange if you should let your throat grow old!

Look closely. Are tiny criss-cross lines beginning to give your throat a crêpe-like texture? You must not permit it; a crêpy throat is enough to age a woman's entire appearance.

In her long years of studying women's beauty problems Dorothy Gray evolved remarkably successful treatments for preventing crêpy throat, and for correcting it. These treatments are available to New York women at the charming new Dorothy Gray salon, 683 Fifth Avenue. For appointments please telephone PLAza 6560. Here, and at leading shops everywhere, you may obtain the Dorothy Gray preparations for your home use — the same preparations which have proved successful in the Dorothy Gray salons.

DOROTHY GRAY

DOROTHY GRAY BUILDING
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Fifth Avenue near 54th St.

Salons in: CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

© D. G. 1929

they failed to get it until now was partly owing to bad luck. The team is heavy, fast, and well coached. Judging them player by player, as compared to other teams, it is hard to find a combination equally formidable. Of course, you could pick an all-star National League team that would be certain, on paper, to beat anything in the world, and since picking an all-star team gives you, without cost, a sense of power that can be surpassed only by thinking how you would spend a million dollars, it is a reasonable thing to do.

WE picked Frank Boucher of the Rangers as centre of our all-star team because, though he only weighs a hundred and fifty, his cleverness and his winning temperament bring his figurative weight as an asset to at least three hundred pounds. Our goalie is little Roy Worters of the Americans, and our two wings are Ace Bailey, the high-scorer of the league, and Joliat of the Canadiens, who carries the puck better than anyone else in the league. Eddie Shore of Boston was a natural for our first-defence man; after some thought, we chose Lionel Conacher of the Americans to help him. Siebert of the Maroons is faster, but Siebert's team moved him from defence to wing, showing that they thought more of his speed than of his ability as a checker. Ching Johnson may be slightly heavier than Conacher, but he is no stronger. We put Johnson and Siebert among the spares, along with Morenz of the Canadiens, who is the fastest skater in hockey but by no means the smartest; Andy Blair of Toronto, whom the Rangers released for Myles Lane in the worst trade of the year; and Oliver of Boston. —N. B., Jr.

•

Mr. Coolidge becomes the only living man who has stepped from the Vice-Presidency to the Presidency, the only living ex-President who has served more than four years, and the only living ex-President during any part of whose tenure of office there was no Vice-President.—*The Evening Post.*

As well as the only living father of the daughter of the Governor of Connecticut's future husband.

•

Quiet in the Studio! **Not even an undesired whisper may enter the sensitive microphones!**

SOUND PICTURES

. . . a product of the telephone

OUT of a half century's experience, the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed for Western Electric the first successful system of sound pictures.

This system (embracing Vitaphone and Movietone) makes possible a great new art in entertainment. Now, in theatres all over the country—Western Electric equipped—you can hear stars of motion pictures, opera and stage in lifelike renderings from the screen.

Hear and see the world's greatest personalities as they talk from the screen.

Hear orchestral accompaniment played from the screen . . . the actual roar of an airplane . . . the thunder of galloping hoofs!

Yesterday's dream is today's fact. And tomorrow? Here is an art now in the early stages of its development which is revolutionizing the field of motion picture entertainment.

Watch—and *listen!*

Producers who use the Western Electric sound system exclusively:

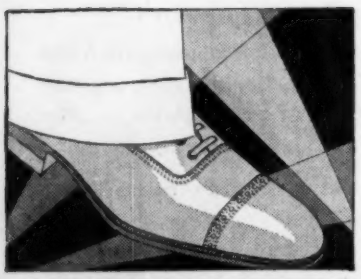
WARNER BROS.
FOX FILMS
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
UNITED ARTISTS
FIRST NATIONAL
UNIVERSAL
HAL ROACH
CHRISTIE
COLUMBIA PICTURES
HAROLD LLOYD

Western Electric
SOUND SYSTEM

The VOICE *of* ACTION

Mr. Hugh W. Herndon, Jr., had just alighted at Teterboro after flying his Standard D-25 from Hadley Field, when this picture was snapped. He was met by Mr. Ingram P. Fraser. Both men are wearing John Wards.

"Runeley" on the field at Teterboro



An artist's impression of "Runeley"

THIS particular last is known to many for its notable combination of comfort with style. Simplicity, as the sketch shows, and a certain graceful elegance well liked by men. Offered in black or tan calf. Also in tan Aztec calfskin. A gentleman's shoe at $7. One of the several distinguished shoes John Ward sells at this convenient price.

John Ward
MEN'S SHOES

555 5th AVENUE
New York City
(North of 45th Street)
Other convenient shops in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Newark

INDOOR POLO

Last-Minute Battle— In the Second Periods — Without Substitute

FOR the third year in succession the three young men in the neat purple and white shirts of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club have taken the highest honors of indoor polo. They won them after two sweeping victories and a "dog fight." The dog fight was furnished by the New York Athletic Club in the final game, to which the gallery had come expecting to be bored by a one-sided struggle. The Athletic Club team came to it feeling more or less desperate, and then proceeded to play Brooklyn in the best fashion possible against that particular team—frantically. There is no use riding against Brooklyn in formal order. It is far better to go slamming in with eyes closed and mallets swinging. A banging, rushing game is the only one that will bother that formidable trio.

SECOND periods won the Open championship for the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club. In its semi-final against Allenhurst and in the final, the champions were held to a tie in the first period, and then proceeded to make the second period count. In the final, for instance, they were held even in the first and third periods and were outscored in the fourth, but they won in the second. There seems to be a system to this. At the start of the second period, Carl Pflug shakes himself loose from the pack and stays loose. His teammates then feed him the ball and he promptly scores enough goals to carry the game.

After the Allenhurst victory and before the final, we figured a way to beat Brooklyn. It was to make your back pay no attention to anybody but Pflug, and your No. 1 do nothing but stay with Warren Sackman. For it is the terrific hitting of Sackman from back to Pflug at No. 1 that does the damage. This strategy requires really great play on the part of No. 2, for he has to attend to any scoring, and at the same time stick close to the roving Gerard Smith. All of which is prac-

This most "important engagement"

IT will be kept under a high April sky in a brook that dashes between two of the lovely Catskill hills and sings eternally its unforgettable song.

There is one dark quiet pool, overhung with bushes, just around a sharp bend in the stream, and there lurks the big trout that got away last year. Ah! But this year it will be different . . .

The dyed-in-the-wool trout fisherman is an instinctive connoisseur of rods, tackle and fishing accessories of all kinds. That is why so many of them come here to talk and buy and sometimes just to talk.

They know that the clothing and tackle backed by the A & F trademark is worthy of the finest angler that ever wet a line "in pursuit of happiness."

Trout Rods

Thomas $37.50 and $50.00
Payne $50.00 Hardy $65.00

Lines

Hardy Corona—Halford and King Eider—double tapered all sizes.

Flies

Dry—Jean Erskine, Playfair and other high grade English tied flies.
Wet—Same makes and patterns.

Reels

Hardy Perfect, St. George and Uniqua

Landing Nets

Hardy telescopic, Wheeler and domestic makes.

Fly Books and Boxes for Wet or Dry Flies $2.00 to $8.00

Combination Wet and Dry Leader Box $2.25

Wading Boots—Fishing Coats—Caps, etc.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

MADISON AVENUE A&F & 45 STREET, N.Y.C.

Von Lengerke & Detmold, Inc., is now combined and housed with Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

Two apartments on each floor have loggias with unobstructed southern exposure. Attractive as sun rooms, sleeping porches, conservatories or children's play rooms. Windows of Vita Glass

"520 EAST 86TH STREET"

A new fifteen story apartment overlooking East River and Carl Schurz Park

Rentals $3000 to $7000—October occupancy

"520 East 86th Street" is in the highly desirable Carl Schurz Park district on a block restricted to residential use. The building is so planned by Charles A. Platt, Architect, that light and air are assured on all sides.

Apartments are in suites of ten rooms with four baths, nine rooms with three baths, and six rooms with three baths. Each apartment has both north and south exposure. Wood burning fireplaces. Central refrigeration.

There is also a maisonette of nine rooms and three baths and two pent houses, each of five rooms and three baths.

The building will be operated by the owner.

For plans and details you are invited to apply to the owner or your own broker

VINCENT ASTOR

23 West 26th Street

tically what the New York Athletic Club team did, and Cyril Harrison at No. 2 played almost well enough to pull the scheme through.

IN the first game of the tournament Beadles Albright, the regular New York forward, had a crash with the gigantic Tim Clark as his team eliminated Harvard. The result was a badly strained back. During the days between March 19 and the finals, Albright hobbled into the armory on a pair of canes to watch the other teams play. Doctors tried to discourage him when he said he was going to ride in the final and his teammates scurried about in a desperate attempt to find a substitute. The only logical one was Dr. John Richards, but he had sent his ponies away and had nothing to play on. So Albright had a couple of grooms lift him on his mount and out he went to do battle. The New York team expected merely to go through the motions of playing, but with everything to gain and not a thing to lose, the trio went sailing merrily into the best indoor-polo team that has been seen in some time, and came closer to winning than even the tight score indicated.

In that last minute, after Harrison's goal had pulled them up to within a single point of a tie, the three were very close indeed to the championship. Then, for the first time in years, the Brooklyn team seemed about to fall apart. The strange and entirely unexpected opposition had them a bit groggy.

The Athletic Club team had several chances to win, but the strain had rasped their nerves, too. They had played well above themselves. The finish was hysterically high-strung, with the players of both sides making mistakes that Class D teams make, and playing with an almost tearful tautness.

SEEN AT THE FINALS: Harrison grinning as he arrived for play and saying his team was "just going out for a ride." . . . Dr. Pflug missing his supper so he could tape up Albright's back and mount him for play against his son. . . . J. O. Lennon, N.Y.A.C. chairman, arranging with the referee to keep an eye on Albright and stop the game if he seemed groggy. . . . The crowd walking across the tanbark after the game, evening slippers and all. . . . Gerry Smith embracing N.Y.A.C. players. . . . The Brooklyn grooms dancing. —MARTINGALE

Ted Shawn

In a program of his most notable Dance Creations

Only N. Y. appearance this season

CARNEGIE HALL Monday Evg. April 15

Horoscopes $10

Send the date of your birth year, month, place, and the hour if possible. Ask questions. Personal interviews by appointment.

MYRA KINGSLEY, 687 Lexington Ave.

Phone: Wickersham 7867; Plaza 7692

A NEW APPARATUS

MADAM PRESIDENT and fellow members of the Orange County Afternoon Delphian Society: I have a letter here from Mr. Buzby, Mr. Anthony R. Buzby, and if you will indulge me while I read it, I am sure you will find when I have finished that it is a subject in which we are all interested, or at least should be if we have the welfare of our community at heart, as I am sure each and every one of us have. It is addressed to me personally, but it is for our entire membership so I will read it. It gives my name and address and then goes on to say: "Dear Mrs. Uhlein: It is with full knowledge of your splendid work—" maybe I'd better skip that part. Mr. Buzby just says—shall I *really* read it? Well, all right, but I shall be blushing every minute, really. Well, here goes: "It is with full knowledge of your splendid work in connection with the Delphian (he means After*noon* Delphian, of course) Delphian Society's activities in behalf of the community that at this time we are asking you to use your great personal influence in the cause of a new apparatus for the Pioneer Fire Company Number One. As you know, we have had the same old faithful apparatus, a Dodge with Fitchburg Special equipment, since 1921. This apparatus has responded to every alarm during those close to eight years, with the exception of the few occasions it was in the shop having the valves ground and the carbon cleaned. Not only has it responded to almost every fire alarm in our *own* community, but it has frequently lent its aid when large fires in nearby communities, such as Nyack, required our services in a hero-

• •

DOBBS

And Now....

FEMININE
SILK SUITS

Dobbs suit with the soft bows is typical of Dobbs distinguished silk suits. An unexpected note is introduced in the collar that becomes two scarfends in the back. Of black or navy Canton crepe with sulphur or eggshell blouse.

$95

Dobbs new custom-made felt hat completes its charm. $28

SUIT SALON—THIRD FLOOR
HAT SALON—MAIN FLOOR

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

"There are times when I don't dare to cough . . . so I smoke Old Golds"

"Besides the fact that a cough, when the camera is clicking, would spoil the scene and cause expensive re-takes; besides the fact that it just isn't done on a movie set, there are times when coughing would just about mean 'curtain' for me.

"So I smoke OLD GOLDS because they don't bring on that throat tickle and irritation that causes coughing. Smooth and easy, OLD GOLDS are, on my throat. So I smoke O. Gs. myself, and recommend them to everyone who works with me."

(SIGNED) Charlie Chaplin

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
World's greatest comedian and premier artist of the screen, in an uproarious scene from "The Circus." United Artists Production.

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLDS are blended from *heart-leaf* tobacco, the finest Nature grows. Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant. Mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, *and enjoy both!*

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

Modern as Manhattan

—sparkling with all the new beauty of Paul Frankl's skill—

THE UNUSUAL RESTAURANT OF

THE WESTOVER

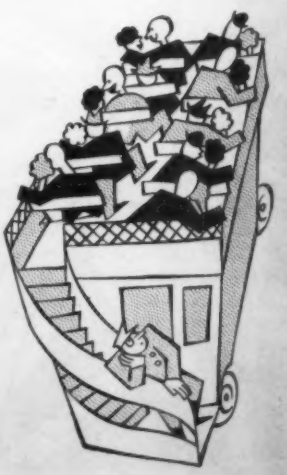
253-263 West 72d Street

The fashionable residence and transient hotel of the West Side. Dinner dancing nightly (except Sundays). Supper dancing Saturdays—10 to closing

ic effort to combat a larger conflagration. But time's ravages have had their effect on the Dodge, as it has on every one of us. The time has come now when we have to consider securing a more modern, up-to-date substitute for the present equipment. I, as president of the Pioneer Company, and Chief of the Department, naturally have a keen interest in the proposition. We have decided that if only for sentimental reasons it would be a good idea to retain the Dodge, because we could get only about two hundred dollars for it in a trade-in on a new apparatus, then we can use the old Dodge for smaller fires. Our idea, therefore, is this. We find we can purchase an American La France chemical combination apparatus for in the neighborhood of seventy-five hundred dollars—a small enough amount when you think of the welfare of the community. We have about five hundred members in our Company and by assessing each member five dollars, we find that we will have more than ample funds with which to make the down payment on the new apparatus. We are, therefore, asking the various community organizations, such as yours, to assist us wherever you can and in whatsoever manner you can. Your coöperation will be appreciated and will pay dividends in safety and the true spirit of the place which, after all, is really our home. With best wishes for your continued success, and thanking you for your coöperation in this matter, I beg to remain, Yours very truly, Anthony R. Buzby."

WELL, that's the whole letter, and it just shows that Afternoon Delphian is recognized as a highly important factor when it comes to getting things done for the general welfare. I daresay Mr. Buzby, whom we all

• •



"... and of course it had a GAS REFRIGERATOR"

One silent flame gives noiseless, endless cold

"I just lit the little gas flame and it's worked like a charm ever since." KITCHENETTE MODEL shown above

Plenty of pure sparkling ice cubes

"WE looked at lots of nice apartments before we came here. This one seemed a shade finer all the way through. And, when we came to the kitchen, of course it had a Gas Refrigerator.

"It was this that finally decided us. For we understood, when we saw the Electrolux, why everything seemed a bit better. You know they put Gas Refrigerators in the very best apartments.

"Of course you know the Electrolux doesn't make the slightest sound. It hasn't a single moving part. So we're never bothered by the starting and stopping or hum of machinery. It's such a great comfort too, since it has nothing to get out of order or cause me any trouble. I never even have to oil it.

"I just lit the little gas flame and it's worked like a charm ever since. It seems like magic ... heat making ice this way."

An especially important point is the ridiculously low monthly cost of Electrolux. Just a few pennies a day ... less, in fact, than with any other refrigeration system.

The builder who installs the Gas Refrigerator shows real vision. Besides offering an extra measure of value that helps to rent apartments faster, he really saves in the long run. He can think of the solid one-piece Electrolux freezing unit in the same way he thinks of the steel girders in his apartment house. Scientists have found no reason why this refrigerator should ever wear out.

If you have not seen the Gas Refrigerator or learned how this marvel *freezes by heat,* write or telephone for booklet, or call at your gas company's nearest display room, where the many models of Electrolux are being shown. Crystal Green and Silver Grey finishes are available besides the gleaming white. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Apartments that offer most ... have gas refrigeration

The preparation of delicious frozen desserts and salads an easy matter ... the quick making of chilled drinks ... conveniences your Electrolux will bring to you.

ELECTROLUX THE GAS REFRIGERATOR
MADE BY SERVEL

"... because you love nice things"

Are you modern on the surface, and "old style" underneath? Is your frock cut after Vionnet, and your lingerie after Victoria? If you're wearing three garments when one Singlette will beautifully serve instead, you are really nearer Victoria's time than the present! But you can step right into the smartest part of the 20th Century by stepping into a Singlette! Style 9868 is pictured.

VAN RAALTE
Singlettes

VAN RAALTE CO., 295 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

know, is counting upon us for the lion's share of support in this venture, and I am doubly certain that we are not going to disappoint either Mr. Buzby nor Pioneer Fire Engine Company Number One, are we?

No, I don't think we are. When it is put up to you like that you can't very well refuse, as though Afternoon Delphian would even *think*, for one minute, of letting such an important matter go by the boards. When you think of your very homes being constantly in danger of getting burned to the ground, and the lives of your children in jeopardy, as well as those of your own dear families, why it becomes an acute problem. It is a matter of pride, too. When our fire engines go to Nyack we don't want to send a tumbledown old engine that isn't much use except to show that we have the right spirit in sending it to the assistance of Nyack. No, we want to be able to say that we have sent something that will be the most dependable and most reliable apparatus at the scene of the conflagration.

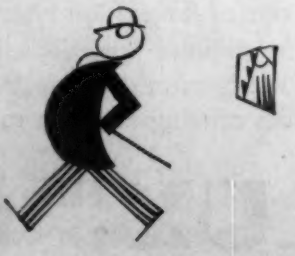
NOW my idea is this. We have made pretty thorough plans for the benefits we were going to conduct to secure funds for the bird sanctuaries. We hoped to realize somewhere around a thousand dollars on it. Well, why can't we just go ahead with our plans, simply changing the posters from the bird sanctuary ones to a new fire-engine one? The committees could stand, I mean the publicity and card committees and entertainment and so on could stand just the way they were made at the last meeting. All we need now is a motion to that effect . . .

—JOHN O'HARA

•

The short skirt is making changes everywhere. Out in Indiana several churches have decided to place curtains around the lower part of their choir lofts in an effort to put over the idea that knees should be looked upon chiefly as adjuncts to prayer.—*Boston Herald.*

More of Hosanna and less of Anna's hose.



"Good seats! My dear, that's the least of my worries. I'm Sport-wise now. I take a Sport Glass along and it makes no difference whether I sit in the press row or on the rim—"

•

Your optical dealer can show you smart models in black, pigskin or gold Sport Glasses—suitable for every use, from outdoor sports to the opera. Be sure to ask for a "Sport Glass."

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.
527 St. Paul St. Rochester, N. Y.

"Not hara-kiri, lady,
Hachi-hachi."

The Palmers send regrets (at the last moment) and the bridge party is simply *ruined.*

Only six people coming, and no time to get more.

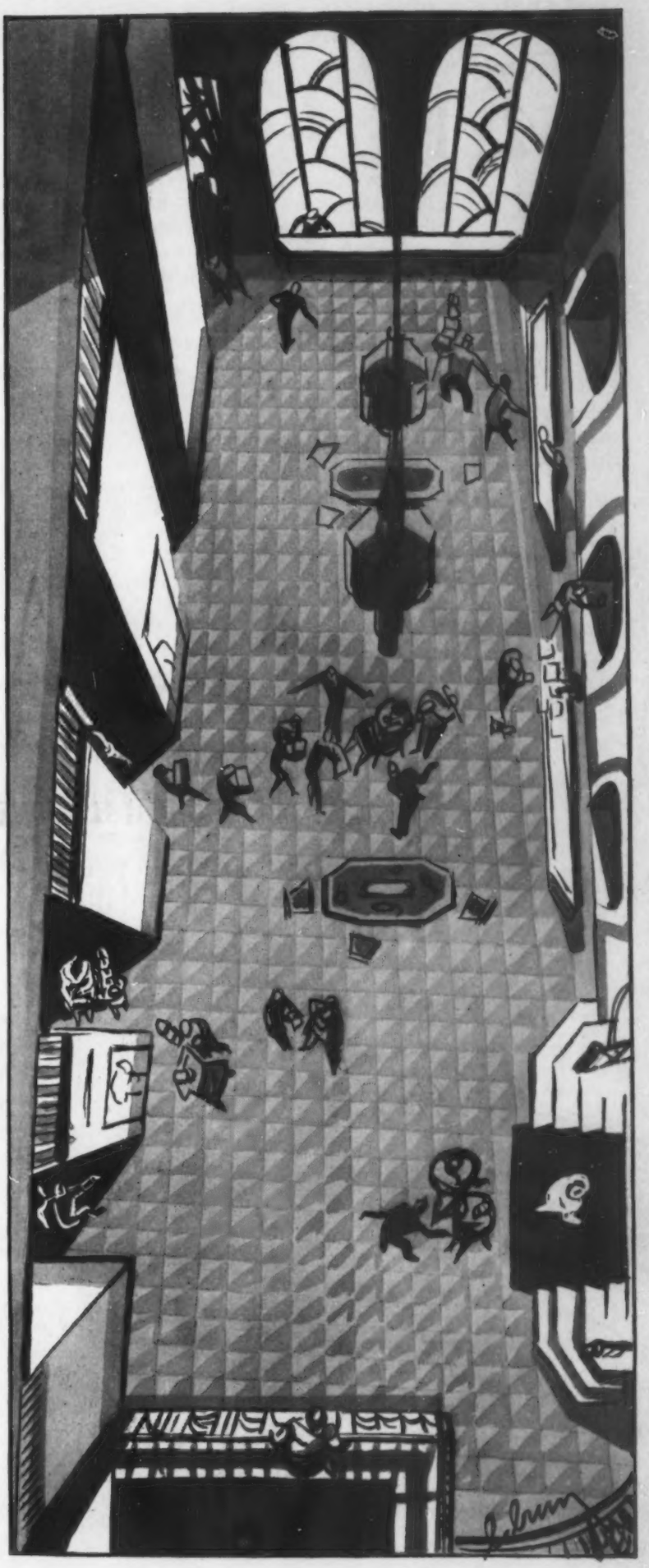
What to do?

Send for a teacher and have them play

GIMMI 88
(pronounced Hachi-Hachi)

The new Japanese card game. Two to six can play it—Call us or leading department stores for sets.

KATAGIRI BROS.
224 East 59th St.
Regent 5340



"SALLY MILGRIM'S? Why, my dear, so it is! Of course I'd recognize it. Didn't my last trousseau come from Milgrim's? Why, there's Mrs. Payson-Payson seated north centre! Six naiades are bearing negligees and things to hang on madame's, er — pleasure. And, oh, yes! There's that so smart carpeting that one just wades through, really! I've heard that Mohawk wove the lovely thing specially to harmonize with this interior moderne. And it just does, doesn't it!"

MOHAWK
Rugs & Carpets

© 1929 MOHAWK CARPET MILLS, AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

FOR the first time in many seasons, accessories are supplementing the costume rather than making it. When we all wore short long-waisted clothes with bateau or V-necks and plain sleeves, unrelieved save in the minute details, the things worn with them were of paramount importance. Now, with changing lines and colors, the accessory has taken its rightful place. With frilly lingerie collars, the necklace has not so much chance to shine, and the bracelet must take a position subordinate to the detail of a sleeve. And, with the full realization that accessories must, on this very account, be selected more subtly and carefully than ever before, Saks-Fifth Avenue offers a number of new ones. In the somewhat helter-skelter way which is the chief charm of this department I must record them.

IN the first place, there are some new stubby French umbrellas with the natural-wood handles carved in what the modernistic world fondly calls "the likenesses" of donkeys, monkeys, dogs, and so on. They are as smart as possible. Among the handbags, there is a new passport bag of the carry-everything type—a zipper pouch about ten inches deep, with two tailored handles. There are many tailored bags on which lacing is used as incidental trimming to supplement that little Chanel sports costume with the laced blouse. There are beret and scarf silver or black sequin sets (paging Texas Guinan) which would be jaunty for the boudoir, though not for a reception. There are swell sports belts composed of eight or ten strands of elastic cord, bound together with buckles and guaranteed to hold your dress or sweater exactly where you intended. And lace-lisle simple sweaters to wear under your woollen ensembles, wistfully waiting for a small-letter first name or monogram to stamp their peculiar distinction. You will be glad to know that the classic little French handkerchief has reached its peak here with the exclusive acquisition by this shop of Vernet handkerchiefs. These can be monogrammed for you by Vernet, in Paris, in six weeks. If you cannot find anything that tempts you among these items, you certainly will by strolling through the aisles of the first floor.

"Miss Begley, popular sacred songs forward."

On the third floor, this shop has opened a junior-misses' department that, as far as I could tell, was a triumph in pleasing mother and daughter alike. The evening wraps, for instance. Little short taffeta wraps with sleeves and a bow at the back of the neck to wear with bouffant dresses; others of lamé with odd sleeves and sunburst tucks going down the back; taffeta capes, irregular and pointed and short, that could be wrapped around to look as if they had sleeves; and so on. These range in price from $39.50 to $85. Ensemble suits for daytime employ the best of imported tweeds, sophisticated yet simple prints, and designs adapted from those brought from the French couturiers in the recent collections. It is as much a paradise for the small woman as for the woman with a daughter.

A NEW Parisian hat shop, proudly flaunting the name Laurina, has recently made its appearance at 35 East Fifty-seventh Street, with appropriate beating of drums, fanfare of trumpets, and cries of the excited populace. It is a tiny, informal place that

Mr. Josiah P. Quilt, next in line at the Bankers' Club luncheon, suddenly realizes he has come IN THE WRONG HAT *. . . Fortunately Mr. Quilt escaped unnoticed, to a nearby shop of* KNOX, *The Hatter. He returned correctly hatted— a bit breathless, but in time for the clam juice cocktails.*

. . . .

The stores of Knox are convenient to every rendezvous of smart New Yorkers:

711 *Fifth Avenue* (at 55th) · 452 *Fifth Avenue* (at 40th) · *Roosevelt Hotel* (Madison at 45th)
Waldorf-Astoria (Fifth Ave. at 34th) · *Paramount Building* (Times Sq.) and 161 *Broadway* (Singer Bldg.)

Tailored Chiffon over French Prints . .

IT'S amazing the new expression the printed dress takes on when the pattern shines through contrasting French chiffon, beautifully tailored. For treating sheer fabrics to the tailor's iron is one of this season's smartest arts — and Jay-Thorpe does it perfectly!

110.00

Jay-Thorpe

57TH STREET WEST, NEW YORK

first commands your attention by virtue of very charming decorations by Gardner Hale in modernistic style. The room, in fact, is built around a screen by Mr. Hale, and orders for screens or for various bits of furniture to be seen there will be taken. But the main business of the shop, after all, is hats—hats employing imported materials and tenderly fitted to your head by a woman who once received many pay cheques signed "Reboux." The hats range in price from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars, and are reputed to fit beautifully. The shop is the venture of the Princess Rospigliosi, be it known.

AT 62 West Forty-seventh Street, a comparatively new shop called Korn, Inc., has sprung up for the benefit of women who want their clothes made to order, because thin figures are difficult, because they have ideas of their own that they want to see worked out in an expert way, or because they wish to buy clothes that vary somewhat from those seen in the Fifth Avenue windows. Unlike most shops that do their own designing and feel that they must be eccentric to be noticed, Korn, Inc., follows Paris in general line and in spirit, with inventiveness concentrated on fabrics and details of workmanship. One thing they do particularly well here is the simple one-piece dress of crêpe in brilliant color, with an unlined silk coat in contrasting or deeper shade.

These costumes are made unusual by fluttering tabs or odd collars and are ideal for warm weather in the city. The printed chiffon evening dress, with a scarf designed to cross the shoulders and make it suitable for afternoon as well, is another type of thing that has been beautifully done. Good taste, in fact, is evident throughout, and prices, for this type of custom-made thing, are reasonable. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Informalities — A Tan without Waiting — Pre-War Tidbit

WHEN better boudoir apparel is to be made, there is no doubt that Daisy Garson will make it. She broods incessantly in her sanctum at 14 East Fifty-ninth Street, plotting and planning new ways of making the feminine sex more allur-

ing—and they say that women don't stand by each other! Her new collection includes some real knock-outs that are designed to flatter whatever your type happens to be. The Pierrot sort of girl, for instance, can select a pajama suit consisting of a white satin sailor blouse with a deep square collar and wide black satin trousers that fit through the hips and waistline as if they had been glued on. Or she may select a pair of pajamas in pale green crêpe, the coat fitted in at the waist and flaring below to show a fluttering vermilion lining. The frilly type that wants to wear pajamas regardless should look at some of printed chiffon, the trousers on a band outside the top, a three-quarter jacket of the chiffon over the whole thing. The trousers and coat are weighted down by an inch-wide band of taffeta ruching in flame color. For the boyish girl, there are beige silk pajamas with three overlapping jackets in blue, beige, and red crêpe.

Very feminine women who like to entertain at tea and to don dresses especially constructed for such informal at-homes should look at a hostess dress of green shot lamé with plain sleeves, fitting very close to the body to a point below the hips, and bursting into gathered fullness that descends long in the back and short in front. A flippant bow at the bottom of the deep V-décolletage is the only trimming. Another more bizarre hostess gown has huge sleeves almost to the waistline, a swishing fringe below it, and is composed of white georgette with black velvet motifs applied upon it. Ethereal types should try a Grecian robe, reaching to the feet, of pleated chiffon printed in fuchsia tones. And a negligée of green satin with huge sleeves, a train, and a ruffled jabot down the front could do wonders even for your Aunt Emma.

Naturally, you pick the colors that you like, since things here are made to order. And you know, of course, that you can't do better so far as teddies and slips and nightgowns and panties are concerned than you can right here.

Sun-Tan Notes: Further researches into the means of achieving a healthy tanned look by the application of various unguents reached a high peak of success recently with Primrose House products. To me these are unusual for the following reasons: (1) They are practically alone in giving a ruddy instead of a chrome-yellow jaundiced look to the skin, (2) they

DOROTHY HALL LAST SEEN ON BROADWAY in "PRECIOUS"

SHAYNE FURS

FOR SPRING

SHE who sees this label in the fur you wear for spring will know beyond all question that it was not bought at a cut price or any other form of so-called "sale".

Shayne furs are never sold at a reduction because they are never exorbitantly priced in the first place. We shall take pleasure in showing you the new selection for spring.

C. C. SHAYNE & CO.

Strictly Reliable Furs

126 West 42nd St. New York

Established 1865 ⟷ ⟷ ***Still Under Same Ownership***

CLUB PLAZA

AT THE
HOTEL PLAZA

h. scott paton
directing

★

KAY DURBAN
and
CHAS. BARON
dancing at Tea and Supper

★

DON HOWARD
lyric baritone

★

DICK GASPARRE'S
Club Plaza Orchestra

★

TEA DANCES
4:15 to 6:15 P. M.

SUPPER DANCES
starting 10:30 P. M.

★

For reservations phone PLAza 1740 . . . Membership cards have been mailed to a selected list. They may also be secured upon application to the secretary of Club Plaza.

★

LISTEN . . . in on Club Plaza Orchestra . . . WABC Wednesday and Friday, 10:30 to 11 P. M.

★

Thursday Tea Dance 5:45 to 6:15 P. M.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—

☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$7.00

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Name.....

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are a snap to apply evenly, no matter how hurried you are, (3) they are not too dark. The chiffon powder is particularly successful by virtue of being a very light pinky beige, which does not emphasize the hollows and lines in your face to the extent of making them look dirty.

I have no idea whether I put them on in the correct order or not, but the results were phenomenally good. The effect was one of radiant health and not of a makeup at all. You start out with a liquid powder that gives the skin a light ruddy tone when it dries. This is to be used alone on the legs and arms, and is supposed to protect the skin against actual sun or wind-burning and still not rub off. Over this, on the face, goes a Smooth-skin Foundation Cream, which deepens the tan. And over this goes the powder referred to above. If you want a tanned look, and haven't hours to spend at your dressing-table, these are really worth investigating.

SCOFFLAWS may have ceased to exist, intimidated by the sight of the crumbling of various well-known physiques, and also by one or two laws that have been passed lately, but those of you who cherish pre-war cellars are certainly entitled to know of a new tidbit to serve with cocktails. It has seriously threatened the place of the potato chip and the cracker both in and out of the canapé industry. Maison E. H. Glass, 15 East Forty-seventh Street, is offering Crupoo Chips, an East Indian importation consisting mainly of shrimps and tapioca—delicious to the taste and baffling of analysis, which, considering the way most people feel about tapioca, is just as well. You put these tiny morsels into deep hot fat, they pop and spread out, to the delight of the kiddies, and ten minutes later are ready to serve with soups or salads or as a resting place for caviar. A new thrill for our jaded senses. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Down to Details

I HOPE my spring-fabrics discourse two weeks ago left your eager minds in an open state for what is to come: nothing less, in short, than another discourse on the same subject, except that this time I

am prepared to be informative about actual places to get what you need.

Of course every shop in town has floral chintzes and cretonnes in abundance, and in those same autumnal colorings that blossomed out last spring. This year they are being called capucine, to give you a chance to get excited all over again, but that needn't fool anyone into thinking they're a new idea.

TO begin with, The Chintz Shop, 427 Madison Avenue, has its usual quota of delightfully new and unprecedented flower patterns. Where this shop gets its fabrics, and how it always manages to present a few floral ideas that no one seems to have thought of before, a number of people would give a few eye-teeth to know. If being original and exclusive is one of your reasons for living, remember these words, and this address.

At the Frankl Galleries I found, along with the more or less expected leaping gazelle prints and huge magenta flowers on black grounds, several charming, quiet little German mohairs and reps with figures and stars and flowers in the manner of those modern German Christmas cards. I liked also a light, flowery percale, and a black and white rooftop pattern, like a woodcut.

At Alice Starr (formerly Alice Lewis), 151 East Forty-sixth Street, I found those divine, vaguely colored Schumacher printed voiles already described by me in glowing terms. Also, all the best patterns in Meritas oilcloth, which means very good patterns indeed. The Ilonka Karasz barnyard design, the elephants, the playing-cards, and the various modern florals are all here, at around sixty cents.

NOW to the big beautiful department stores:

Let's start out bright and early with Macy, which has a chintz shop of its own (sixth floor, east building) and another whole section full of miscellany. The most remarkable thing in the chintz shop itself is a group of faintly glazed imported percales at sixty-nine cents a yard—lovely old patterns, with colors you can match (right in the same department) in plain semi-glazed percales, fifty inches wide, at ninety-eight cents. Other chintzes range upward in price from these, but never very far upward.

Outside, in the open spaces, are some marvellous modern German hand-blocked linens—heavy stuff, in subtle color blendings that practically brought

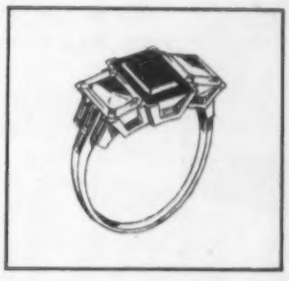
KIRKPATRICK

Pearls Silverware Jewelry

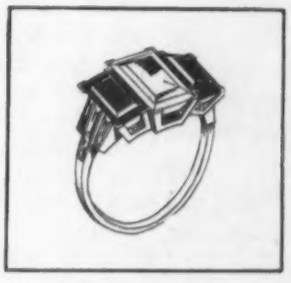
RITZ TOWER

PARK AVENUE *at* 57th STREET

New York



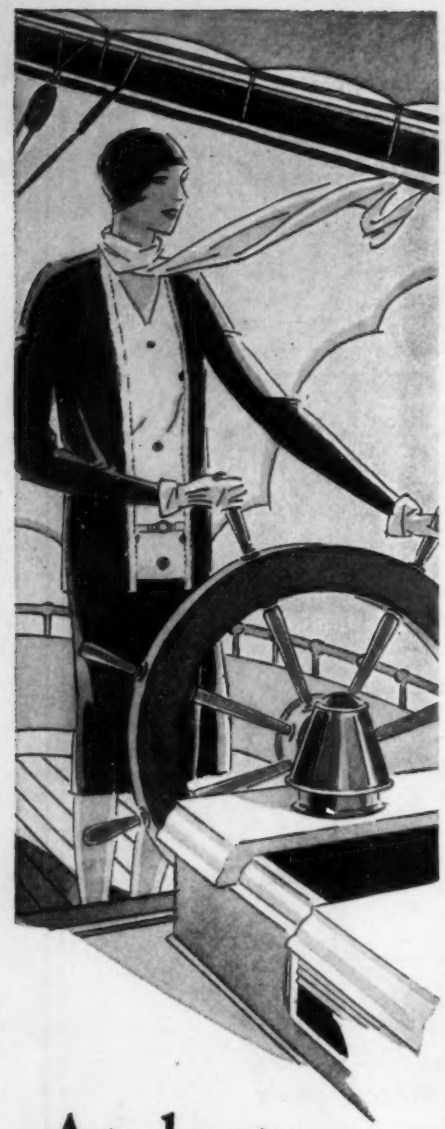
THE depth of colour of this 4¾ carat sapphire blends enchantingly with the extremely fine quality of the two supporting matched emerald cut diamonds.



A SETTING that is the ultimate in ring design. The 3¾ carat emerald cut diamond is a gem worthy of the two fine Oriental sapphires which complete this masterpiece.

15, RUE FÉNELON

Paris



At last . . .

just the perfect touch!

White ANGORA trims this spray green sweater suit. The sleeveless jumper is in white with green ANGORA polka dot.

This may be had in several color combinations . . . and made to order.

STYLE 2560

Three-piece silk chenille suit . . $62.50
Turban to match 15.00

CHARLES WALNUT

72 West 50th Street . . . Circle 0657
Madame Polouektoff, Manager
New York Philadelphia

tears of joy to my jaded eyes. These at $3.96. Other fabrics of Germanic extraction had naïve designs in pale smart colors. The jute materials and heavy cord-like cotton weaves in stripes and plaids I thought perfect for yacht chairs, men's rooms in country houses, and garden-furniture upholstery.

Of course, I have gone completely mad about printed voile. Macy has lots of this, a good bit of it made up into creditable curtains, grosgrain-bound, in various window sizes.

VERY SPECIAL NOTE: Possibly you know this same Macy department has shelf upon shelf of those good old cotton rufflings, edgings, and gimps—the sort of thing you can find, usually, in your grandmother's trunk, but practically nowhere else. Some of the wider flat edgings are striped in color, and have drawstrings to pull them into silly little ruffles. Nine, fourteen, and eighteen cents a yard is the way prices run.

AT Altman there was, first and foremost, lots of that diaphanous stuff called rayon marquisette, a glass curtaining you simply have got to see to believe. It has a lustre, a shimmer, a bloom I can't even attempt to describe; it comes in heavenly colors; it costs $2.25. Please go and look.

Other highlights at this store are the waterproof glazed chintzes, of which there is a fine representative group in plain colors, in floral patterns, and (innovation!) in tiny English prints; $1.25.

Also by the yard, that rubber-lined printed cotton usually found only in shower curtains. Very nice for country-house bathroom windows, particularly when these are placed, foolishly enough, above the tub or in the shower alcove. Your chance, besides, to make your own shower sheets, if that has any appeal for you; $1.10.

LORD & TAYLOR have gone in for summer ensembles based on a group of printed linens, four in number—Pepper Tree, Palmetto Tree, Calla Lily, and South Wind. Each comes in six colors; each is gay and full of handsome color; each has had details of its design lifted from it and set down

BRIDES anticipate the day of entertaining at home—an engraved, silver-plated serving tray for cordials, cigarettes or coffee with an automatic lighter is appropriate at $25.00. Whether for dinner party or a twosome, the table should hold this attractive automatic lamp post lighter of brass, just 9 inches high and unusually priced at $6.00.

Attractive circular of *Brides' Gifts* mailed on request.

HEATHER'S
THE HEATHER-MATHEWS COMPANY, Inc.
411 Fifth Avenue, New York

the party factory grows up

at first we concentrated on giving children's parties.

but since then . . . some *terre haute* bachelors wanted to be merry, to be *pirates* for an evening . . . a treasure hunt in *san francisco* needed a treasure . . . fifty-two members of a well-known *winston-salem* family had a reunion . . .

so in self defense we've had to take on the adults, too. hence, if it's a party —for young moderns or grown up moderns—

consult the party factory

saks-fifth avenue new york

plaza 4000, extension 165

by this versatile store upon lamp shades, bric-a-brac, and even table china, by which method the ensemble is created.

It should also be told that the same design details have been printed, for actual outdoor use, on plain white duck, which of course sheds water like everything.

McCreery (my next stop) has another rayon knockout which came close to destroying my allegiance to the marquisette—rayon voile, in the same lovely colors, and the same opalescent sheen. Really, you must see these new rayon developments in glass curtaining; they are the nicest things in their line since Celanese. I shall never know which of the two I like better; maybe you have a more decisive mind. There was also a cotton marquisette printed with a balloon design—forty inches, $1.50. Child psychology is a closed book to me, but I somehow feel that I can safely recommend this for nurseries and children's rooms. The balloons have a lovely, misty, fairy-tale quality against the light. Other things, of course; but these were outstanding.

Stern has a few modern prints—great big patterns, with loops and whorls like a finger-print, and all the chartreuse colorings you could possibly want. I liked their patterned nets—lattice designs, small, widely spaced flower sprigs, crazy zigzags. These hover around $1.25, and are really lots smarter than they sound. Some fine, gauzy marquisettes in green, red, orange, blue, or orchid plaid on white looked surprisingly attractive hung on display rods with plain marquisette in a matching solid color. I saw the plaid later at the same store, used in combination with organdy for summer spreads, and liked it. The fabric by the yard costs seventy-five cents.

That just about ends matters—except that I might remind you Bloomingdale is still the only house in town to keep a regular stock of gold and silver oilcloth on hand against our wild modern demands, and that Wanamaker always has a large and excellent supply of stripes

• •

IT'S NOT ONLY GOOD TASTE — IT'S AWFULLY PRACTICAL · Let's be specific—let's consider that most important accessory in man's attire—the cravat. There are Cheney Cravats especially designed for semi-formal daytime wear—for sportswear—for the office—for the matinee. In color, design, and weave, each Cheney Cravat suggests itself for a particular kind of wear : : Your haberdasher carries Cheney Cravats and will gladly discuss the appropriateness of particular Cheney Cravats for particular occasions.

CHENEY CRAVATS MADE BY CHENEY BROTHERS

BEAUTY SECRETS OF FAMOUS BEAUTIES

Lovely VIOLET HEMING . . . One of the most popular stars on the dramatic stage. Her deft characterizations, shadings and fine sense of emotional expression have created a vast following of admirers. Naturally her striking blonde beauty has not been a hindrance to her success.

"Quickly it adorns the eyes with deserving loveliness"

MISS VIOLET HEMING REFERS TO THIS SMART EYE MAKE-UP THAT PROMOTES LASH GROWTH

THE subtle art of make-up gives to natural beauty the glowing brilliance of perfection. So it is only natural that famous beauties should appropriate for their own — new Cream Winx that comes in the dainty, silvery vanitie.

Without a hint of artificiality, this fashionable lash dressing adorns the eyes with enchanting loveliness.

A light caress of lashes with fingertips or eyebrow brush. A sweep of the brows. And behold!... Eyes seem larger, more alluring and expressive. This bewitching beauty blooms as Cream Winx makes the lashes softly lustrous and shadowy.

It is easy to apply, as simple as powder. It is safe. As it glorifies the lashes it promotes their growth.

Give your eyes the loveliness they deserve. Add smart Cream Winx to the indispensable beauty aids in your toilette. Sold in the silvery vanitie, wafer-thin, at all toilet goods counters. Only 75c complete, black or brown shade.

Where you find Cream Winx you'll find Cake Winx. For those who prefer the cake-form of lash dressing there is none quite so effective. 75c complete, black or brown shade. Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York.

Bestows Beauty Promotes Growth

CREAM WINX

LIVE AT THE

DRAKE

440 PARK AVE AT 56TH ST.

"New York's Smartest Apartment Hotel"

Alfred C. Ray, *Manager*

for slip covers and of heavy linen weaves for wicker furniture. —B. B.

AS TO MEN

Plain or Fancy—Choice of Cutters—Rods, Reels and Possibly Fishes

VISITS to some of the best tailors in town assured us that a plain gray-flannel suit remains the most useful article in a summer wardrobe. Gray flannel is becoming to almost every man, especially if he has a good coat of tan. It is suitable in town and equally appropriate in the country, where the jacket can also be worn with white-flannel trousers.

Medium gray, called Cambridge, is the best choice. It is cooler-looking than the darker Oxford, and it shows the dirt less readily than the lighter Eton. The woollen flannel worn in England is too heavy for our summer climate; Bernard Weatherill has a worsted flannel that is more practical because it is lighter in weight and, being worsted, takes a good crease and holds it.

Do not wear the trousers to knock about in. They will require more frequent cleaning than the rest of the suit and soon the difference in color will be noticeable; they will wear out more quickly than the jacket, and you will find it very difficult to match old and new material. It is more economical to have another pair of trousers made, with a waistband that has tabs and buckles at the sides which make a belt unnecessary. These look better, anyway, when you take off your coat.

AFTER gray flannel, we think you will find dark blue the most useful, and then, possibly, dark brown. Perhaps we are too conservative, or maybe we have seen so many patterns during the past few weeks that we are glad to rest our eyes on a plain fabric. We get the same reaction from the sight of a great many men wearing striped and patterned suits—a plain one is a relief.

However, there is no need to deny a craving for fancy patterns. The tailors have plenty of them and will be only too eager to show them to you.

Bernard Weatherill has some saxonies in which indefinite herringbones are combined with faint stripes, in

mixtures of gray and tan. Brooks' custom department has an amazing variety of Glen Urquhart plaids, from almost indistinguishable ones in tropical worsteds to large definite designs in heavier woollens. Wetzel has a big assortment of striped flannels. At Gray & Lampel, we were shown some vicuñas—cashmere fabrics, soft as kittens' fur—in rather bright colors. They are suggested for suits or separate jackets to be worn with trousers of plain "finished" cloth—luxurious and very expensive. Naturally, in most cases these fabrics are not exclusive with the shops where we found them.

EACH of the tailors has a decidedly individual cut, but the difference is so subtle that it is difficult to describe. Gray & Lampel encourage individuality, and strive to drape a coat on a man's figure rather than fit it tightly. Bernard Weatherill, an Englishman himself, makes the kind of clothes turned out by the tailors of London's smart West End—coats with squared shoulders and nipped in at the waist. Wetzel's shoulders are more natural, their accent being achieved by slight fullness at the sleeve-head. All these tailors use padding only when absolutely necessary, obtaining their effects by skillful cutting and "working" of the material. Brooks' custom department (not to be confused with the ready-to-wear department) makes well-bred clothes to suit the preference of the individual, within the rather wide bounds of good taste.

A DOUBLE-BREASTED coat, of covert cloth in a light shade, is our idea of a smart topcoat. However, though we've seen very few of them, all the tailors greeted our suggestion with the remark that covert is commonplace. Gray & Lampel suggested vicuña, which is very light and yet has plenty of warmth. Bernard Weatherill showed us saxonies in patterns larger than those used for suits. They were very nice, but we still liked coverts, so he produced some swatches of Everest, a very tightly twisted worsted that is showerproof, windproof, sunproof, wrinkleproof, and even thornproof. It comes in all colors including black, and is restricted to him in this country.

SINCE all tailors insist that suspenders are necessary if trousers are to hang properly, we investigated the situation. At Brooks we found some of loose webbing that cost only

SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray AT LEWIS & CONGER

The Luggage Stand is one thing I couldn't get along without. Of course, it holds luggage at an easy, comfortable height for packing, but I find it a handy roost for many other things, too. At times I've even set a tray on it and used it as a coffee table. Ours is mahogany finish. You can also get it in walnut or ivory finish.....$7.50

♦

The Underbed Cedar Chest gives storage space without taking up a lot of room. It's on rollers—slides under the bed and out again as easy as you please. I use my Chest for extra blankets, sheets and things like that. It's made of Tennessee red cedar, is 9" high, 49" long, and cost....$19.50

♦

When the Garmentaire Bag came home the whole family (aye, even the Big Chief) were so intrigued they spent the whole evening fooling with it. Garmentaire actually kills moths and moth eggs—crystals in a bottom container turn into a moth-killing vapor when the bag is attached to the *blower* end of the vacuum cleaner. It airs clothes, too—when attached to the *suction* end of the cleaner. Besides which, being of a mothproof, dustproof, damp-proof material, it provides safe storage for frocks and furs. Holds 6 hangers.....$12.00

♦

Remarkable how dishwashing has cheered up, and speeded up, since the Darlo Dishwasher joined our happy family. It has a hose spray arrangement that fastens to the faucet. Turn on the water and swish! a hot, sudsy stream washes the dishes clean. Press a button, and clear spray rinses. With the hose comes a wire rack, and a stiff pot brush that fits over the nozzle. Complete. $5.00

♦

Hot toasted sandwiches are popular for Sunday night suppers in our house—more so than ever now that we have a Tostwich. It toasts sandwiches. Just make your sandwich, slip it into the Tostwich, turn on the current, and in next to no time you have a piping hot, golden brown toasted sandwich.....$15.00

♦

Hat Holders fasten to closet walls. Especially good for men's hats because they hold them so securely they can't be knocked off. Each Holder also has a hook beneath for a coat hanger. Set of six. $2.50

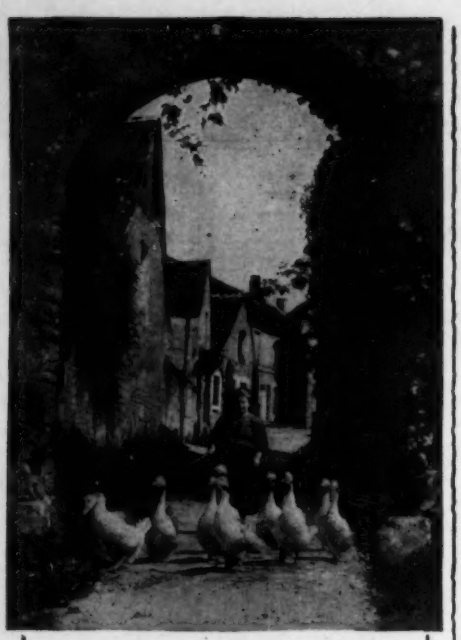
Another closet convenience—Shoe Racks that fasten to the backs of closet doors and perch shoes in neat rows away from the floor. And no more do I fret over cluttered closet floors. They're of metal, bronze finish, 20" long. $2.00 pair.

Janet Gray

LEWIS & CONGER

Sixth Ave. & 45th St.
New York

© Lewis & Conger, 1929



Explore the Real France . . . via Cunard

Beyond Paris . . . the real France, on the white, poplar-bordered roads, that lead, as straight as the Roman legions marched, to chateaux, vineyards and cathedrals. Go to Rheims, Chartres, Blois, go to Mont St. Michel and Carcassonne! Stop at inns so clean that the copper shines like gold. Lunch in a garden, where a chef will make omelettes that angels might envy. Taste champagne that has never been moved two miles from its vineyards.

Cross Cunard to Cherbourg: the shortest and quickest way to France. And, if you like, shorten your stay in Paris. For life in the Aquitania or the Berengaria is as 'cosmopolite' as life in Paris . . . the food will be like the food at the Ritz or the Crillon, and you'll meet the same people. Cross Cunard . . . have your Paris-and-London in one, on the crossing . . . and then seek out the *real* France, that has not been 'internationalized'.

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

MAURETANIA April 10 · May 1 · May 22
AQUITANIA April 17 · May 8 · May 29
BERENGARIA April 24 · May 15 · June 5

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$2.50; others made of shirt materials cost $3.50. Both are excellent for warm weather. This shop, by the way, will renew the silk on your chain suspenders. Tripler has a full collection of bright plain colors, which we welcomed as a relief from stripes. They are silk and come with several kinds of fastenings; chains cost $10; goatskin, $7.50; and leather, $6.50. Albert Leonard George has just returned from England with a new version of the buck-cloth braces that have no elastic but an arrangement of loops to allow free movement.

Mr. George also brought back some other novelties: A silver pencil, for $10, with three cartridges filled with red, blue, and black leads and contained in the barrel. When you want a different color, just pull out the one you are using and insert it in the other end of the pencil, thereby forcing out another color. It's really a simple operation. . . . The new Asprey cigarette case which, in sterling, costs $50. . . . Oval, plain gold sleeve links at $10. . . . Plain gold collar buttons and shirt studs that come in sets of six in a handy case, $12. . . . And a fine collection of genuine Spitalfields silks which he has had made up into four-in-hands and once-overs.

THE trout season opens in this state on April 6, and we are right on hand with a few—possibly unnecessary—suggestions to fishermen. Old-timers predict a good season on account of the open winter, for if streams are frozen solid, the fish are obliged to collect in small pools, where they have to live on scant rations. When the winter is mild, they can swim about, pick up more food, put on weight, and consequently become better catches.

Experienced fishermen have their own ideas about the equipment they need. Beginners can be assured of reliable advice and complete outfits if they go to Abercrombie & Fitch. This company has rods ranging in price from $2.50 to $65—the most expensive being Hardy's English rod. Reels are priced from $1.65 to $22 for domestic ones, and at $20 for Hardy's St. George. Landing nets range from $2.25 to $20.

Some men prefer hip boots, but to us the waders seem more practical. They combine boots with rubber overalls and can be pulled over ordinary clothes, including your shoes. Whichever you choose be sure to dress warmly, because the water in the Catskills is still icy. —G. McC.

Not in the Dictionary

PATRONS have told us that McGovern's is so different from the usual gymnasium that we've consulted Mr. Webster (and Funk and Wagnalls, too) in hope of finding a better name.

It isn't in the dictionary, unless it is *palaestra*, that palatial institution of Ancient Rome where, just as at McGovern's, men and women found a new luxurious and pleasurable means for rebuilding body and brain.

Hours, for men: 9 till 7, Mon., Wed., Fri.; other days 1 till 7. Women: Tues., Thurs., Sat., 9 till 1

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ALFRED

CHICAGO

O'Banion was shot with a smile on his face!
("To hell with them Sicilians!" had O'Banion said.)
But they gave him a funeral worthy of his place,
And thousands mourned the king of the underworld dead.
The roses, lilies followed in twenty-six trucks
The carved silver casket worth a cool ten thousand bucks.

Over in their clubrooms The Midland Woman's Aid
Pick at creamed chicken and sip of Chinese tea,
Ladies delightful and ladies unafraid,
Listening to the teacher of sociology.

Who killed Cock Robin and who drilled Hymie Weiss!
(North Side, South Side, all around the town!)
The Genna brothers died in a way that wasn't nice,
And The Scourge and The Eagle and Tim Murphy went down,
Lombardo fell neatly, Lolordo in a toast
Tendered to the vengeance of Jim Colosimo's ghost.

The mayor and the council deprecate delay,
The City Club agrees that beginnings be begun,
The professions are surprised in a gentlemanly way,
And The Chamber of Commerce feels that something should be done.

Up against the wall they lined the seven!
(Pray to your women to remember and to weep!)
The streets burble pleasantly and God's in His heaven,
And seven gangsters bumped off to their eternal sleep,
Seven gangsters crumpled in a sprawling, bloody stack—
And it's a damned rotten business to be plugged in the back.

When the music of Stravinsky bores and Spanish dancers pall,
Over colored linens and liqueurs cooled in ice,
With shoulders sweetly powdered and with shoulders black and tall,
The Gold Coast spins its epigrams upon Chicago's vice.

—FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

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Imagine it! To lose yourself in the contemplation of these glorious heights and vast, mysterious depths, drenched with countless rainbows of color, changing subtly with the course of the sun! To sojourn in luxurious Grand Canyon Lodge overhanging its highest brink!

Now Union Pacific makes it possible. The new Grand Canyon Lodge, from which this view was sketched, clings to the very edge of famous Bright Angel Point! Here you will relax, and amuse yourself, and draw strength from the marvelous climate. Here you will get an unparalleled view of this measureless chasm!

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MUSICAL VE

Introducing Victor C—A and a Newer Trista First

VICTOR CHENKIN, who has been singing songs at the Lyric Theatre, did not swim into our ken in the usual way. Instead of going through the regular routine of making a début in Carnegie Hall, or one of the smaller auditoriums generally associated with music, Mr. Chenkin set up shop in a theatre and offered his wares. Evidently he did well enough to warrant a run of three nights at the Lyric, and there is to be more of him before the spring is done.

THE audience which waited for Mr. Chenkin on the night that I visited the Lyric was a small edition of the crowds that once attended the recitals of Miss Isa Kremer, with whom Mr. Chenkin has much in common. There was respectful attention to songs in Russian, German, and Italian—but when the singer arrived at a group of Jewish Chassidic airs, there was an uproar that would have done credit to a much larger gathering.

Mr. Chenkin works in costume. He started his performance with "Songs of a Jester," which means, of course, that he sang a collection of doleful ditties, including the Rataplan about the lustful King and the beautiful Marquise. An assortment of Italian songs in a peasant makeup was not too convincing, although a Tarantelle testified to the singer's facility in rapid song. It was not until Mr. Chenkin came to his gypsy songs that he came into his own; and the Jewish Chassidic melodies must be set down as one of the year's events.

The Chenkin voice is serviceable rather than thrilling, but he seems to be able to do almost anything with it, including the production of a *mezza-voce* that few of his contemporaries can equal. Everything is colored in subtle tints, and there is a bounding rhythm that vitalizes every song—even the exaggerated Rataplan. Of course, a clever makeup and costumes are helpful, but I suspect that Mr. Chenkin could achieve almost as interesting performances without their artful aid. I commend him to you, and add that you will hear with him an accompanist named M. Zlotin, whose placidity belies the genuine skill with which

VENTS

—A New Hofmann
First 'Cellist Retires

he follows the shifting moods of the singer.

JOSEF HOFMANN is perhaps the only pianist who can have his will of a composition and still make it sound as the composer probably intended. At his Chopin-Liszt recital in Carnegie Hall, he played every composition in a style which was new to it and which nevertheless sounded exactly right. There is an experimental quality in Mr. Hofmann's playing that makes every concert an exposition by a new Hofmann. Inner voices that no one before seemed to have noticed are thrown into prominence, and so great is Mr. Hofmann's musicianship that it seems as though the work had been composed especially for the sake of these inner voices. He can take a virtuoso exercise like the "Don Juan" phantasmagoria of Liszt and convert it into a tone poem, and, when the spirit is on him, he can transform a Chopin waltz into a fascinating technical exposition.

Oddly enough, Mr. Hofmann, for all the individuality of his readings, never seems to play any work in the same way at two different concerts. There is always a new Hofmann—and always a good one.

THE excitement over Lauritz Melchior's Tristan is thoroughly justified by the remarkable performance of this Danish tenor. Not being a German tenor, Mr. Melchior has the notion that Tristan is a thoroughly singable rôle, and he is not afraid to vocalize the lyric passages. The effect of his performance probably will be that many who have been avoiding this opera for fear of the usual hero will now return to its productions. When Mr. Melchior sings the rôle, there is no need for checking one's ears at the door. His acting is simple, which is all that is necessary, and although Nature has given him what might be called a wide girth, he knows enough about costuming to metamorphose himself into a plausible knight.

THE end of the Philharmonic-Symphony season brings with it the end of Leo Schulz' career as first 'cellist of that organization. For many of us, the Philharmonic-Symphony will not seem quite the same without the

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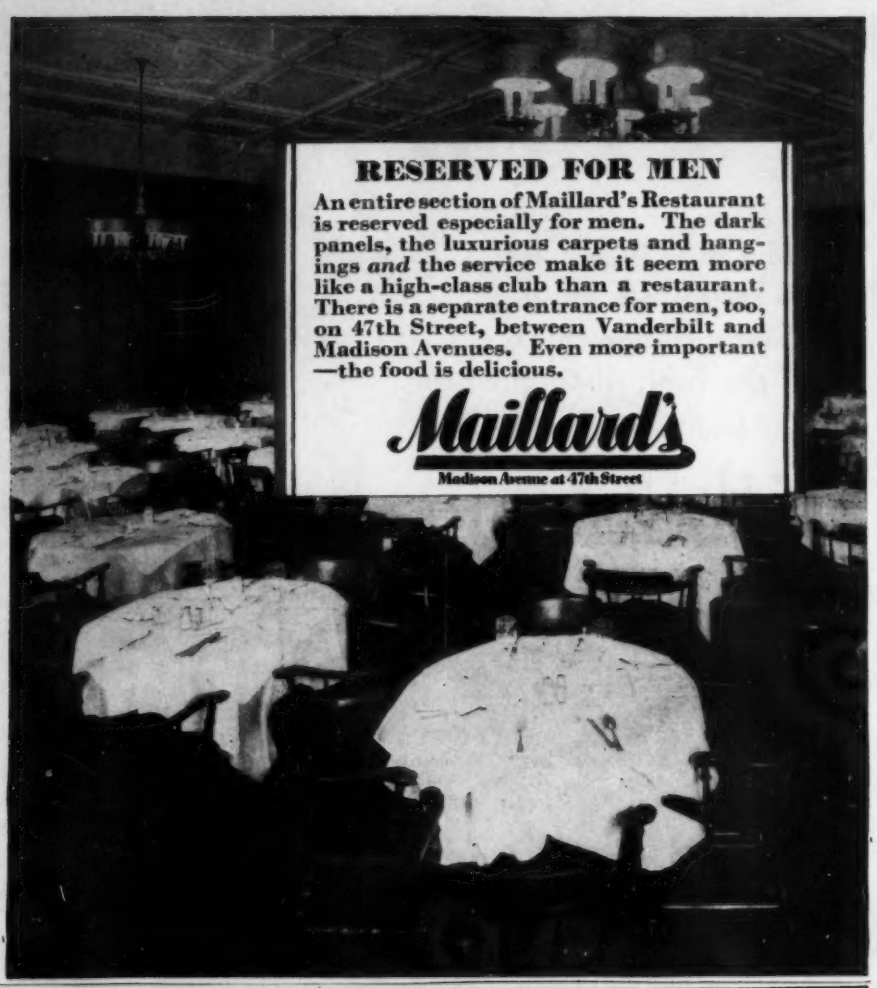
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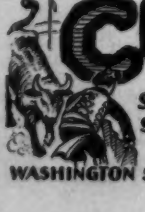

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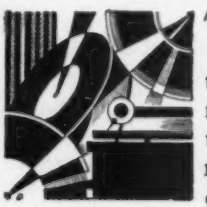
presence of this capable artist, a sturdy survivor of the days when symphony orchestras had no wealthy patrons and when the players assembled to make music in the hope that the gate receipts might at least save them from a deficit. If there was a deficit, the players continued, anyhow. A worthy *Brüderschaft*, this old school of instrumentalists, of whom Leo Schulz is almost the last.

Undoubtedly there will be a skillful successor to Mr. Schulz next season, but it always will be pleasant to look back on his many notable performances of incidental 'cello soli and on his classic delivery of concerti. Leo Schulz represents a tradition that is worth preserving, and I hope that there always will be Leo Schulzes in our orchestras.

—R. A. S.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Stokowski, Weingartner, Kreisler, Rachmaninoff— Something for Everyone



THERE is an unusually eclectic assortment of music available on the new record lists, ranging from the big duet from "Norma," sung by Rosa Ponselle and Marion Telva for Victor, to the Mozart Symphony in E flat, conducted by Felix Weingartner for Columbia. The Mozart Symphony, by the way, is a remarkably good recording of a not too remarkable performance. Weingartner does everything correctly and artistically, but there is a lack of snap in these records.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Stokowski, has made Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" for Victor, a brilliant performance, marred only by a slight echo in some passages. For good measure a dance from "La Vida Breve" is placed on the extra side. Another Victor recording that ought to appeal to many is the Grieg C-minor sonata, played by Kreisler and Rachmaninoff. This is a superb job, in which Rachmaninoff occasionally creates effects of an orchestral nature on the piano. Frequently, sonatas played by two celebrities sound like superimpositions of two individual performances, but the Messrs. Kreisler and Rachmaninoff are good teammates.

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Bach's B-minor Suite, played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, directed by Frederick Stock. Presumably Dr. Stock has used more strings than the original scoring indicated, but there is clarity at all times, and the first flutist distinguishes himself throughout the suite.

SOME shorter selections from the new lists are:

IL TROVATORE (Di quella pira) and CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA (Prelude and Siciliana)—Giovanni Martinelli. Two popular operatic bits, sung with great vigor. The high C in "Di quella pira" is transposed down to a B, but the fine choral background helps to make a notable recording. (*Victor*)

PRINCE IGOR (March) and SYMPHONY "ANTAR"—Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Two of the best of recent issues of Russian music. (*Columbia*)

LUCREZIA BORGIA (Drinking Song) and ALLELUJA (Mozart)—Sigrid Onegin. Two of the most brilliant samples from this great singer's repertoire. (*Victor*)

—R. A. S.

•

SHOWER OF GOLD

Danaë, Danaë, in that hour
When Jove came down in the golden shower,
Did you dream of the peril run?
The cruel exile? the warrior son—
The nuzzling babe who would grow to might:
Perseus, hero and king? . . . At night
Did you dream of the bays, and forget the myrtle?
Danaë, Danaë, blest and fertile!

Danaë, Danaë, here today
You coax the rain of gold your way,
Weasel-sleek, and slim as a laddie,
Pertly sure of your sugar daddy.
Small white teeth in a mouth of flame;
Broadtail coat on a thin-hipped frame;
Safe from burden, or pain, or peril—
Danaë! Danaë! . . . sterile . . . sterile.

—JEROME BARRY

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GLEN SPRINGS

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FENCING

Arms and the College Man — A Record —Sabres and Épées

TOWARD the end of March each year the Belvedere Room of the Hotel Astor undergoes a transformation. Furniture disappears, long narrow platforms are laid out end to end in the centre of the great hall

and the place is put in readiness for the undergraduates, midshipmen, and cadets who will arrive for the Intercollegiate fencing championships.

These tournaments have been going on almost since the start of the century. At the outset only a few colleges were represented; last week twelve took part in the finals—Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Army, Navy, Cornell, Columbia, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, New York University, Hamilton, and Ohio State.

A feeling has prevailed that fencing will never attain a wide vogue in this country because it does not appeal to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. The fact that its popularity has waned in England, where for centuries the duelling sword was the necessary adjunct of the gentleman, is cited as evidence to back this contention. Also, it has been said, the Continental will always be the better swordsman because he thinks more quickly. The Yale coach, Grasson, pronounces this poppycock. He is a Belgian, and served his apprenticeship as a fencer in his native land. Last week he made the sweep-

ing declaration that Americans make far better fencers than Europeans do, because they have better physique and stamina. No European college men, he said, can compete with ours, who usually have not only superior strength and endurance but also are quicker—quicker both in moving and in thinking.

THAT Grasson speaks with authority is indicated by the remarkable record he has made in the eight

years he has been at New Haven. In 1921 Dr. L. F. Bishop, Jr., then manager of the Yale fencing team, met Grasson in Bridgeport, where, as an amateur, the Belgian was coaching a club team. Dr. Bishop made arrangements for him to come to New Haven the following year, and in his first season Grasson turned out a championship team.

Since 1922, Yale has won more titles and cups than any other college, and for the last two years has consistently captured the three-weapon championship. Since this championship was started, in 1923, Yale has won it three times, and shared it once, in 1925, with the Naval Academy.

LAST year Dernell Every, the Yale captain, was the principal figure in the tournament. Last week it was again a captain of Yale, Francis E. Righeimer, who walked down the centre strips to receive the lion's share of the trophies. He had not only led his team to victory in the three-weapon competition, but he had also carried off the individual honors in the épée and foil championships. In taking these two titles, he turned in the unprecedented record of winning every bout he fenced with épée and foil, in the individual competitions as well as in the team championships.

The history of Righeimer's career

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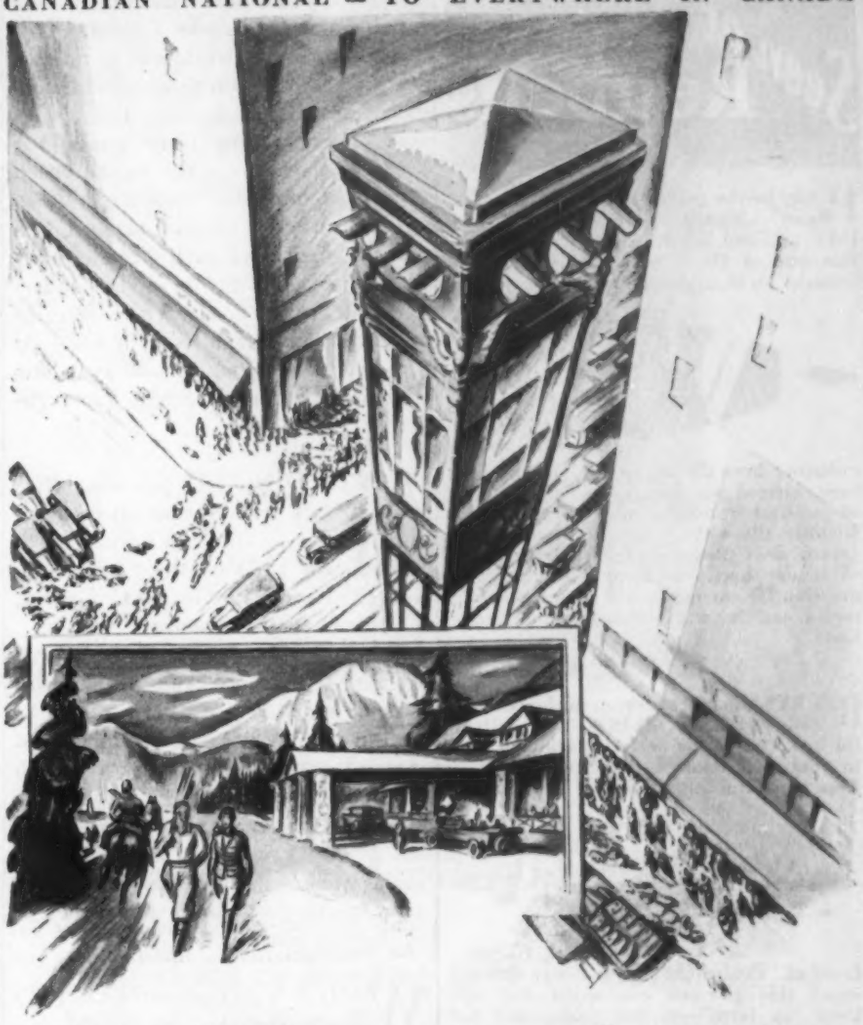

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favor of "Reubenola", for a lovely star can enjoy this glorious concoction and still keep "in form"—in her game—and her silhouette! Don't you agree that one taste of this sumptuous conception of Chop Suey would put all China into "training" to find out our recipe?

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of palate-tickling delights—served deftly, skilfully in a brilliant atmosphere—unmistakably Reuben's! Even in character, Edward, we doubt if there is *anything* your Mr. Lazarus could find to tell *our* chef about how to run his job.

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Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

at Yale is proof that it takes more than good material to make a team. Last year Righeimer's work was so unsatisfactory that Grasson dropped him from the team. Even Captain Every's efforts to help him were unavailing. Finally Righeimer came to the coach and told him he was ready to get down to hard work. Grasson slapped him on the back and said, "Show me." Righeimer did. So far as the undergraduates were concerned he became practically invincible with the foil. At last he took Grasson on and beat him, and then continued to beat him regularly.

ACCORDING to Grasson, Righeimer is more than an intercollegiate fencer. In 1928 he just failed to make the 1928 Olympic épée team, losing to Lieutenant George C. Calnan, a veteran Internationalist.

The notable feature of his play is that his defence and offence are both of equal strength. He fences as well in the low line as in the high, and uses all the attacks and parries with unusual skill, achieving a variation highly disconcerting to opponents. He has a strong wrist, a keen eye, and sound judgment, and his height and arm length give him a powerful advantage in reach.

WHILE Yale dominated the 1929 Intercollegiates, as it did last year, a good showing was made by a few other colleges as well. Columbia retained the sabre-team title and Army again won the épée honors, and in the foils Navy took the famous Iron Man trophy donated by Colonel Robert M. Thompson.

The one individual title that didn't go to Righeimer went to Cadet Frederick Giddings of West Point. Fencing for the first time in the Intercollegiates, Giddings won the sabre championship, thereby fulfilling the promise he showed several weeks ago in winning the National junior sabre tournament at the New York Athletic Club. —A. D.

•

GO SLOW ON POETRY. Our linotype operators dread poetry and rhymes. It is difficult to read and follow in lines, unless it is typewritten. Please go slow on poetry even though spring is here. If you must write poetry, please type it. —*Sulphur Springs (Tex.) News Telegram.*

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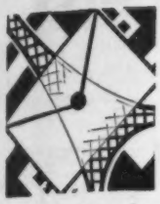
PARIS LETTER

PARIS, MARCH 27



AT this moment the *faits d'hiver* are finished and the *faits divers* are few. Among, however, the inter-seasonal events of any importance have been the various exhibitions of lead soldiers. For the first time in the history of the nursery, three such shows were on view. Occasional auctions of these toys at the Hôtel Drouot have demonstrated the increasing preciousness of the hobby, but the throwing open of the exhibitions at public art galleries has established the warriors among connoisseurs.

The first of the shows was held at the lead-soldier headquarters, Au Plat d'Etain, in the Rue des Saints-Pères, featuring the Zayas collection of "Foreign Troops under the First Empire" and the Bonazzi collection of "Troops at Rest on a Farm of 1807," all the pieces being *hors série*, most of them being in the round, but certain examples conforming to the experts' demand for flat or profile figures. Inquiry reveals that the round soldiers rank less high, are usually made in France from hand-carved plaster figurines (from which copper molds are made), and that the flat fighters come from Nürnberg, where they are formed in slate molds. Furthermore, half the fun for the eight hundred lead-soldier fans of Europe—who count among their ranks certain of the most eminent diplomats, generals, and brains of the land—lies in cutting off the soldiers' legs, heads, or whatever and soldering them on in new positions, and with new and expertly documented uniforms, each fighter then being the only one of his kind—which nobody can deny.

OF the worthiest Parisian collectors, all men of letters, one of the most important is Pierre de Lanux, who specializes in sixteenth-century regiments, uniforms, and armament, and has more than fifteen thousand men at his command. Paul Armont, the dramatic author, specializes in Assyrian troops, and is designing an Egyptian series for next year. Third among the leaders is Léopold Marchand, also playwright, who favors all armies since Francis I. The last, but least only in the number

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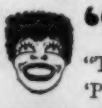

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of his pieces, is Valéry Larbaud; his collection, one of the finest, is devoted to South American troops.

M. LARBAUD has also been lately active in his proper profession. Rated as one of the best novelists of his day and the most influential Anglophile of his calling, translator of Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" and other important modern works, he has just completed the heroic task of putting into French Joyce's "Ulysses." The work has been brought out by Adrienne Monnier of the Maison des Amis des Livres, is limited to one thousand subscribed copies, all of which have been already snapped up by bibliophiles, and took five years to complete.

THE elaborate preparations now going on in the Champs-Elysées district for the great fête of Jeanne d'Arc, to be held in April, call attention to the unfortunate celebration of the saint already to be seen in the new fifty-centime stamps engraved with her image. Philately is one of the leading pleasures of the French—the open-air stamp market near the Avenue Gabriel is crowded, rain or shine—but the recent French stamps have been the worst in the history of national engraving. The 1925 special stamps for the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs were a polite scandal. The recent Pasteur stamps were neither pretty nor were they art. Even the new fifty-franc note was of so ugly a design that the public protested, so badly engraved that the dead artist's heirs sued the mint for libel, and so similar in appearance to the hundred-franc note that the most expert bank tellers shortchanged themselves to the tune of thousands during the first week's circulation.

The new issue of the Saint Jeanne d'Arc stamps, though hastily absorbed by philatelists, has also proved unpopular, owing to its ugliness and to the post office's unsound decision to use the stamp in France only. The stamp is printed in blue, which color, by the ruling of the convention of Geneva, was long since designated as the color of international correspondence in all lands. Local stamps, by the same ruling, should be tinted pink. Pink or blue, however, the government is right in keeping the stamp at home. From the point of view of engraving, the saint looks sinful to any artistic eye.

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The REDDY TEE

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is supposed to alter the tenor of the Parisian mind. Five years after his plays reach the revival stage, they begin to penetrate the French home, and wives and husbands start loving or hating according to Bernstein's scenarios. His latest opus, "Mélo," opened with a riot of enthusiasm at the Gymnase, and the future looks dark indeed for all husbands with a leaning toward infidelity and a distaste for being poisoned. The play has three acts, eleven tableaux, an excellent cast headed by Gaby Morlay—and the eternal triangle. The new note, if any, that Bernstein strikes on his triangle is that of melodrama, as the title implies—attempted murder on the part of the wife, and then her more successful suicide. To an American, the plot seems a Gallic adaptation of a transatlantic yegg drama.

AN excellent exhibition of paintings, objects of art, and other impedimenta connected with the Paris theatre of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has opened at the Carnavalet Museum and has been the means of bringing home, temporarily at least, two of Watteau's most precious canvases, "L'Amour au Théâtre Français" and "L'Amour au Théâtre Italien," which have been in Berlin ever since their acquisition by Frederick II. As documentary evidence and as delights for the eye, this spirited collection is one of the best of the many historical gatherings that have lately livened the town.

MODERN art has also been fully displayed. At the Galerie Bernheim Jeune an enormous collection of Pascin's paintings has been on view—unfortunately. Pascin's palette remains constant, his pale colors do not change, and his models never lose their pose—one no little girl could assume publicly without horrifying her mother. A painter with a large public, an important name, and an original talent, Pascin's famous eroticism seems finally merely to have led him to ill-fame.

Another important and equally painful show has been that of Goerg at the Galerie Georges Bernheim. Formally viewed as the white hope of French expressionism, his nudes and portraits grow blacker, less hopeful, and less expressive year by year. The brutality of his postures and subject matter viewed against the rising tide of revived romanticism leaves everything in favor of the romantics, whiskers and all.

—GENÊT

A CRASH IN TIN PAN ALLEY

THERE was a long drum roll and a cymbal crash in Tin Pan Alley the other day. That heralded my entrance. George Gershwin was there. He wrung my hand and said how very glad he was to see me. Between us, he said, we would regenerate the old Alley and make a different place of it. A Sutton Place. Jerome Kern was rather cool. He extended his hand limply and said he was pleased, but I don't think he was. Rudolph Friml stuck out his tongue at me.

From this you might infer that I have written a song, but I haven't. I wrote eleven and one-ninth per cent of one, according to the publisher's royalty contract. And I am to be paid one cent for every copy of sheet music sold. At that rate they could paper every house in the country with it and I'd still have to count my change.

THIS is how it happened. Louis and Sid have been writing songs for years and are old hands at it, but this was my first offence. In spite of my ignorance they agreed to teach me the trade—the only condition they insisted upon was that I should put out of my mind any five-syllable words I might have picked up at college. That was easy.

It was in late March, but the Alley is nothing if not forearmed.

"We'll write a song for the summer trade," Louis said. "Something soft and dreamy that bands can play in the park under the moonlight."

Sid caught fire at once. "'Dreamy's' good," he said. "'Dreamy's' just the thing. We'll put it in the title."

"Dreamy what?" I asked. "You can't just—"

"Dreamy *Moon*."

"That's lousy," said Louis. "Too many 'moon' songs lately. But 'moon' is a good rhyme—easy to sing. What rhymes with 'moon'?"

"'Prune,'" I suggested, "'loon,' 'balloon,' 'saloon.' 'Dreamy Saloon'—how's that?"

Louis looked disgusted. "'Lagoon' is the word," he said. Sid jumped to his feet.

"It's a knockout!" he cried. "Quick, a pencil before we forget it!" I gave him a stub and he scribbled on the back of an old telegram—"Dreamy Lagoon." "What a title! It'll sell millions. We'll have them

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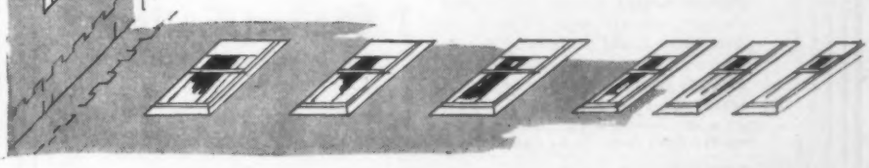

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plugging it in every movie house from coast to coast. We'll have phonograph records, pianola rolls, foreign royalties, movie rights—"

I began to catch his enthusiasm. "At a cent a copy on a million copies—that would buy—"

"I've got an angle on it already," Sid continued. "I know just the man who'll publish it. All I've got to do is sing it to him. He'll think it's great. He'll love it—"

"Wait a minute," Louis interrupted, "the song's not written yet." He thinks of things like that.

We went to the piano and he sat down and played a tune, which I suspect him of having had up his sleeve all the time. It was a good tune. He played it over until Sid and I could hum it.

"Well, what'll we write the song about?" I asked. That was a mistake.

"What'll we write it about? What does anybody write a song about, you sap? Love, of course. All about how some girl is the cream in your coffee and the salt in your stew, and jeest, she's driving you nutty, and what the hell are you going to do. That stuff."

"Yeah, you've gotta have heart interest," said Sid. I was cowed. However, I made a modest suggestion for the first line.

"Won't do," Louis objected. "You've got to have your title at the end of the first and last lines, and somewhere in the middle, too, if possible."

I objected. I thought the title was quite enough by itself, without harping on it.

"You got to do that," Louis re-

plied. "You got to rub their noses in it, otherwise the music publishers won't touch it."

WE perspired and argued over it for several hours. There were a great many important considerations I had never thought of. We had to find words of one syllable; words with open vowels that were easy to sing. We could not introduce any notes outside the limited range of an ordinary voice, nor thoughts outside the range of an ordinary intellect. When it was done I found that I had contributed about three words, a stub of pencil, and any number of useless suggestions to the success of the enterprise. But Louis and Sid seemed satisfied with the result.

"I'll go through it," said Sid, "just to get the effect." And he did, with gestures:

"I met my love beside a dreamy lagoon *(there's our title)*
"We pledged our love beneath the gleam of the moon *(get that play on 'love;' it's hot)*
"The memory of her voice enthralls me,
"Calls me homeward *('calls me, enthralls me'—great rhyme!)*
"I left my heart beside that dreamy lagoon *(our title again)*
"But in her heart she knows I'm coming back soon *(that play on 'heart' is swell too; this'll make Cole Porter jealous)*
"There we'll live and love forever,
"Beside that dreamy lago-o-on!"

"That 'live and love' is good stuff," said Louis. "It rolls right off your tongue."

"It alliterates," I amended.

"Oh, it does, does it? Well, Mr. Shakespeare, if you can suggest anything better, let's hear it."

"Oh, I wasn't objecting," I said hastily. "The best poets use it."

"Yeah? Well, you don't think we're writing poetry, do you?"

"No, I don't. In fact, if you ask me, I think this stuff is pretty drippy." I expected him to resent that, but he didn't.

"Drippy? Of course it is. But it's a swell lyric and they'll love it."

AS I have said, the song has been taken by a publisher and I have thereby crashed Tin Pan Alley. He has led us to believe that it will appear shortly on the music stands, or wherever music appears when it is published. Sid and Louis take it as a matter of

In Paris the Road to Beauty Ends at 2 Rue de la Paix

SMART American women arriving in Paris go immediately to the Elizabeth Arden salon at 2 rue de la Paix to have the lines of travel and fatigue erased, and to be gloriously revivified to meet the demands of continental life.

In the New York establishment at 673 Fifth Avenue, amid the entrancingly French atmosphere, they find a luxurious replica of the Salons abroad, wherein Miss Arden's famous ministrations subtly endow them with new, young loveliness.

Here are found all the incomparable Arden Treatments, Muscle-Strapping and Skin-Toning—the Firming Treatment—the newly imported Vienna Youth Mask—Miss Arden's joy-giving and beauty-bringing Plastic Exercises. Years slip away . . . to the figure is given a dancer's lithe grace . . . youth is kept.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN
673 Fifth Avenue, New York
Telephone: Plaza 5847

LONDON PARIS BERLIN MADRID ROME

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

course, but I am beginning to feel the first tremors of doubt.

For suppose the song *should* make the tremendous success Sid prophesied. Imagine it being played in every theatre throughout the country, jangling from every music shop, wheezing from every hurdy-gurdy on the streets. I could not go to a dance without being hounded by it; I could not call on a friend without hearing it booming from the radio. The office boy would whistle it. The stenographers would pound their typewriters to its rhythm —and always there would be the haunting consciousness that I had had a hand in the deed.

Perhaps before long there will be another crash in Tin Pan Alley. Some well-meaning friend may bribe a calliope or a German band to serenade me with the sweet strains of "Dreamy Lagoon." Whereupon, I will leap shrieking from the window and plunge to my death in the midst of the musicians. Probably the publisher's royalty cheque will arrive just in time to pay for an elaborate funeral at St. Thomas'. And it won't surprise me at all if, as the mourners pass out of the church at the end of the service, they hear Jesse Crawford at the organ plugging "Dreamy Lagoon."

—John Ogden Whedon

•

ENNUI

Across the table now
you bask
behind your lovely
painted mask;

your hair a coil
of gold, your eyes
bolder than any
sunrise.

You talk of love,
your eyes glisten;
I stare away
and scarcely listen,

knowing that this night
at very best
will end as dully
as the rest.

—Oliver Jenkins

•

Persons essential to the completeness of New York society are returning from the Southern resorts. Others have stopped at Aiken, White Sulphur or Virginia Hot Springs.—*The Sun.*

Where they can do a little quiet sulking.

Apartment homes by the Tishman Organization are notable for the dividends they pay..... in *comfort*, in *convenience* and in *luxury*.

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33 EAST 70th STREET
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3 to 6 Rooms

345 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

◆

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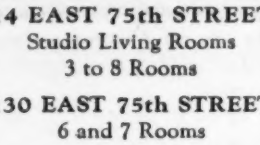

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8 Rooms - - 4 baths
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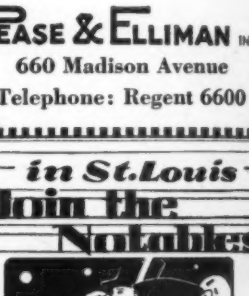

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The Hotel
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SAINT-LOUIS
LINDELL BLVD. AT SPRING AVE.
700 ROOMS - - - - - -
FOUR FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

RUDY VALLÉE AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES
VILLA VALLÉE "10 EAST" 60TH ST.
DINNER DE LUXE
TWO FIFTY EVERY EVENING
Reservation, Phone "Jean" Regent 0351

NEW APARTMENTS

Tudor House and Tudor City—Halls vs. Bridge

BECAUSE there is no explaining the tastes of artists and musicians, their preference for West Sixty-seventh Street must remain a mystery to all but the real-estate people who are booming the district so assiduously. Accessibility to the Park is a consideration, but the street is narrow, the light and view uninspiring.

SUCH obvious truths have not discouraged the builders of the new coöperative at 40 West Sixty-seventh Street, nor prevented their engaging the able and original Rosario Candela as architect. The result is interesting. The house is small, only nine stories and penthouse (with two apartments and terraces); all apartments have a large living-room, and two good bedrooms, one with a normal bathroom and one with a glass-walled-shower bathroom. Some have dining-rooms, kitchens, and servants' lavatory, while others have just a kitchen with—only fancy!—a dining-alcove. Maids' rooms are on the ground floor, to be rented separately. While the kitchens are adequate, with your choice of a General Electric refrigerator or the amazing Electrolux, which makes ice while baking potatoes (both tried and successful), their atmosphere suggests Welsh rarebit at midnight rather than roast beef on Sunday.

The Tudor period is ubiquitous. Many of the doorways, all of the fireplaces (generous ones, too), and most of the windows are strongly be-Tudored; the living-rooms have big banks of leaded casements, with low radiators underneath enclosed in comfortable window-seats. An oaken arch without a mantel frames each fireplace, and the chimney-breasts are broadly proportioned, with the flanking walls recessed to just the satisfactory point on each side. Not being an artist, I am uncertain just what ceiling-height creates a good studio atmosphere, but I hazard the guess that these could rise a little without disturbing anybody. On the other hand, I am solemnly assured that the sound-proofing between walls and floors is of

SKIN BEAUTY

EASIER to POSSESS

. . . only a liquid can do this

Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—the patrician flat-backed bottle, perfectly shaped to the hand. At finer drug and department stores in three sizes, generous pint, convenient four ounce and pocket flacon.

Make this startling test

After your usual cleansing with soap and water (or favorite cream) saturate a pad of cotton in Ambrosia and wipe thoroughly over your face. Invariably the cotton comes away soiled from a skin you thought perfectly clean. Ambrosia floats the deepest dirt out of the pores, the dirt other cleansers have not been able to reach.

Only a liquid can penetrate instantly into the pores. Only a liquid can float out the deep-lying coarsening dirt. You feel laggard blood waken to life as Ambrosia—sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—enters the pores. You know Ambrosia is doing for you what nothing has done before. Even the odor of Ambrosia is refreshingly tonic.

Ambrosia—the instant cleanser and tonic

Gently wipe Ambrosia over the face with cotton; stroke up with the fingers until dry. The dirt comes off on the cotton; there's nothing to wipe away. No grease to get in your hair; no shine can be left on the face. Powder clings smoothly and evenly to your fine firm-textured skin.

Know for yourself the loveliness Ambrosia instantly brings to the skin

We have found thru 27 years of making Ambrosia to private order for America's notable women that she who uses it for ten days becomes its constant admirer. This confidence in its convenience and goodness is the reason we wish to send you the seventy-five cent pocket flacon of Ambrosia with our compliments.

AMBRŌSIA

Hinze Ambrosia Inc.
114 Fifth Ave., New York City

For me—a pocket flacon of Ambrosia free

Name_____

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our Paris collection can now be seen in New York

KARGÈRE

636 Fifth Avenue, New York

39 Ave. des Champs Elysées, Paris

the very deadest, so the house is prepared for an influx of warblers and piano-players.

The most important point about the building is really this: with its good planning, equipment, and finishing considered, the prices are as reasonable as any I know. You may buy four rooms and two baths for from $8,200 up, with a maintenance fee of $943 annually; the prices rise with the floors, but the highest-priced five-room apartment is only $15,300, with an annual maintenance charge of $1,759.50. Moreover, you can have a five-room penthouse with a generous roof-terrace for $23,000, the maintenance fee being $2,645. So there *is* a reason for the West Side, after all, and Pease & Elliman will tell you the rest. Occupancy in June.

THE progress of Tudor City has so outstripped this plodding department that an adequate review of the midtown Eldorado would be impossible. Eight completed units make up the bustling village, and more are not only promised but are poking up their gaunt red arms already. Now, whatever I may say about small rooms, no fireplaces, and the Spirit of Get Together and Walk to Work, you should remember that Tudor City successfully fills a great need. Its army of tenants, pouring down Prospect Hill at eight-forty-five every morning, bears me out; clerks, stenographers, and other workers have never lived better for so little. It would be hard to find a more suitable town pied-à-terre for the suburban-dwelling businessman of moderate means. I hate disappearing beds, dining-alcoves, and cheery neighbors, but I take off my beret to Tudor City.

Most of the buildings—coming under the hotel, instead of the tenement, law—have one and two-room apartments, with serving-pantries where you serve, remember, not cook. At least three houses, however, have standard kitchens and apartments of up to five rooms.

The average rent of the one-room apartment is $1,200 a year, but you can pay much more, or get a single

The Navarro

Exceptional hotel suites with serving pantries overlooking Central Park, for immediate occupancy.

DONALD J. THOMAS
Manager

112 Central Park So.
(West 59th Street)

Wyndham

The home of many prominent in art, literary and musical circles. Single room and larger suites, furnished or unfurnished

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(In the Park Plaza Section)

Mirabeau

A few 2-room corner suites with serving pantries are available with or without hotel service at minimum rentals.

RAYMOND S. SWANSON
Manager

28 East 70th Street
(Corner Madison Avenue)

BUILT, OWNED AND OPERATED BY SAMUEL MINSKOFF

YOUR BEST MOVE *for 1929 to~*

THE HOTEL
WINDERMERE
666 West End Ave.
CORNER 92ND STREET
HENRY F. RITCHEY...MANAGING DIRECTOR

RUDY VALLÉE
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"10 EAST" 60th ST.
DINNER DE LUXE TWO FIFTY
Or A La Carte Including Sundays
DANCING THROUGH ENTIRE EVENING
SUPPER from 10 P. M. Nightly
Tea Dances Daily from 4 to 6:30 P. M.
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Mr. Whitehead *Selects* STEELART

"Their unusual beauty first attracted me to Lyon Steelart Folding Tables and Chairs," says Mr. Wilbur C. Whitehead, international bridge authority, "but I was even more impressed with the great rigidity of Steelart Tables and the natural comfort of the Chairs. That's why I selected Steelart for my bridge studio." Two styles and twelve color designs for your selection. Write for color booklet, with introductory letter by Mr. Whitehead.

LYON METAL PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
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LYON
STEELART
Folding Tables and Chairs

The TEA KET BOILING POT

A two-purpose tea kettle and boiling pot.

It is one of many smart Art Craft Ware designs.

It is made from the super-metal—Hyb-Lum—strong as steel, brilliant as polished silver and light as aluminum.

It will wear for generations, and the gayly colored handles and knobs (of bakelite) will enliven many kitchens.

On sale at the better gift shops—or mailed direct to you.

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ART CRAFT WARE STUDIOS
355 S. Liberty St. Jackson, Michigan

room for as little as $750, in the Cloister. Woodstock Tower, the newest house (with a Gothic village church concealing the water-tower above the thirty-first floor), has some pretty gorgeous views for modest-salaried girls and boys. The management does everything with a smile, from making your beds to supervising the play of your children and their pets. Prospective workers in the new Chanin and nearby buildings are among those invited to consult the renting office, right on the crest of the Tudor City wave, in Prospect Tower.

RECENTLY we mentioned the space-saving plan used in the new house at 175 East Seventy-ninth Street, a product of Tishman talent. The same arrangement appears in the two new buildings in East Fifty-seventh Street—Nos. 345 and 325. They have much to recommend them, and when you consider the restrictive size of the lots they occupy, it is probably better to disturb a bridge game occasionally by crossing the living-room than to reduce the size of the room permanently by stealing space for halls.

These buildings are above all comfortable; the bathrooms are large and numerous, the kitchens lavish with storage space, and the living-rooms well-proportioned, with comfortable fireplaces and ample wall-space. Closets are abundant, the entrance foyers hospitably wide, and, as in Seventy-ninth Street, the big north windows of the living-rooms in the rear of the house are ideal for artists.

In both houses you can find from three rooms and one bath for $1,700 a year up, to six rooms and three baths for from $3,500 to $4,500. The Tishman Company, 285 Madison Avenue, promises occupancy about midsummer.

—PENTHOUSE

•

Frederick William Wile, our well-known journalist and broadcaster, is by way of achieving one of his life's ambitions. In order to understand the incident, it is necessary to realize that Wile has a son in Princeton University. Quoth Fred, to a group of friends with whom he was lunching the other day in the popular presidential dining room of The Mayflower: "I have always wanted to live in a hotel, and, by George, during inauguration I am going to achieve my ambition—without even leaving home." —*The Washingtonian.*

He could have another son at Harvard and we wouldn't understand the incident.

What's all the shouting about?

IT WAS a simple enough hunch—that a lot of pipe lovers secretly craved a milder mixture than they'd been smoking. We gave it to them—literally—a free tin to every man who asked for it. And now so many tobacco connoisseurs are cheering for Sir Walter that we can scarcely make enough of it. Isn't it time you too discovered how good a pipe can be?

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 151, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky

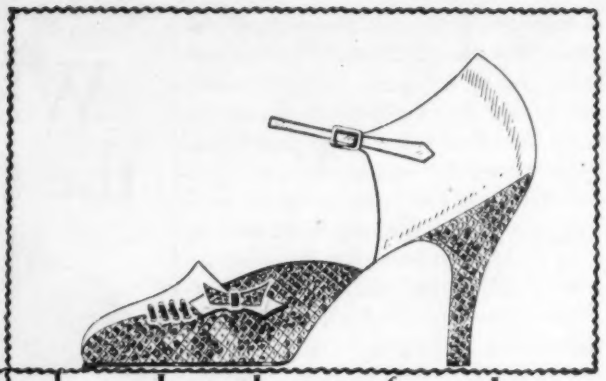
B&W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

"hide-
and-
seek"
hand-made



by the shoecraft salon

the one-sided spring mode plays a fascinating hide-and-seek with this new afternoon slipper, cleverly alternating suntan or greige kid with watersnake, or patent leather with lizard. $27.50.

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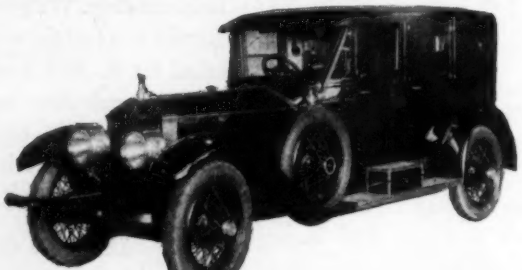
SALON: 714 fifth ave
between 55th and 56th streets:
FITTING THE NARROW HEEL
SIZES 1 to 10, AAAA to D



HERE'S A ROLLS-ROYCE

Which has been eating its radiator off in storage charges for the past two years. It's four years old, has a special body, and originally cost $14,000. May be purchased now for $4,000. In such perfect condition that it will start on a kind word and run forever.

We don't say that this is the chance of a lifetime, but it does seem a rare bargain. May be seen at the Mammoth Garage, 410 East 54th Street. Or write box R. F. R. 1.,—The New Yorker.

Are You Looking for an
Unusual & Lovely APARTMENT?
Then Why Not Try
170 E. 78th Street
Apartment 8-A.

Large studio living room, bedroom, bath and kitchen; exquisitely appointed and furnished living room, which was illustrated in July issue of House & Garden, decorated with old hand-painted French wall-paper. Available April 1st, for rent to September 30th, 1930. Might rent for shorter time. Apply at building. Mr. Ford, Supt.

DUE

to unusual conditions we are offering a charming East Side cooperative apartment for sale at a great sacrifice

TALMAN BIGELOW INC.
955 Madison Avenue
Telephone Rhine. 2884
Apartments Houses

THE ALL

Academicians to O[pen] and and

WE wish to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the man who invented that boon to mankind, the roll-harmonica. It is no longer necessary to try to blow an expression of individual talent. By placing a roll in the mouth-organ and turning a crank you can get any number of tunes. We would grant it the supreme achievement of a mechanistic age if we had not gone a step further. We have made a machine that will do for the art world what the roll-harmonica does for the realm of music. Patents have been applied for and as soon as the papers are all signed, anyone can be an artist. We have thought of calling the machine the Academician, for it is built to do anything an Academy member can do.

The Academician works something like this. You put the tubes of paint into their niches. Then you put a new canvas under the frame. Inserting the roll, which is perforated much like a player-piano roll, you turn the crank that operates it, releasing at the right place whatever pigment is desired. In a very few minutes you have the completed picture. The subject, of course, depends upon the kind of roll you have used. So far we have perfected only the accepted popular patterns: the "Early Spring," "Late Autumn," "Red Indian," "Pots and Pans," "Dahlias," "Snow," "Rain," and "My Little Daughter." We hope to manufacture and sell these machines at such a low cost that we see the millennium ahead. Everyone can be an artist, the kind of artist who sells. If we can make connections, we will engage the Grand Central Art Galleries to market the product, penetrating the Far West and South as only that emporium knows how to.

Our machine is the next logical step in art development and we cannot understand why it has not been thought of before. The Academy has been working along these lines for years, but it has never standardized its process mechanically. Its factory workers often use brushes, and we understand it takes two or three years to train them. Our machine will get the same results with one-tenth the time.

THE one-hundred-and-fourth annual exhibition of the National

ALLERIES

nd and Italy

Academy of Design is already on at 215 West Fifty-seventh Street. It is no worse than any of the others, unless you count the failure to take cognizance of the passing of time as a fault. Revolutions come, religions falter, the earth is remade, and still the old stuff is repeated at the Academy. Some of it is sweet, some of it is pretty, but none of it is worth looking at.

THE Irish group is making a brave start at the Helen Hackett Gallery. We suppose its members have the same right to a graphic expression as those of any other race, though for a long time they have been content with quite different pursuits. However, we don't know of anything that might distinguish this exhibit as a nationalistic enterprise—unless you count its complete sentimentality. As a rule the art of any nation is half recording, and half a protest by the contemporary generation. The Irish, bold fighters that they are, go entirely sweet in art.

In this show, there are historically valuable exercises by the famous and loved "Æ," some credible portraits by one P. J. Tuohy, and a nice bit by Leo Whelan. The other fifty little canvases might have come from any academy.

JUST before he died Arthur B. Davies was on holiday in his favorite country, Italy. The Ferargil Galleries are now showing his last notes. We imagine he had more fun making them than anything he had done in a long time. They are beautiful notes, made, perhaps, to be enlarged upon at some future time. In many he had gone back to the Cézanne whom he had admired in the old days, but had not fully accepted. They are for the most part in his staccato shorthand manner, but here and there is an inspired whole. The show will continue until April 8 and is worth seeing.

AN important show this month will be the exhibition of paintings that goes with the Architectural and Allied Arts Exhibit at the Grand Central Palace, to be held the last fortnight of April. One hundred works have been chosen by what seems to be a fair ballot—the votes of art critics and the artists themselves. The foreword of the exhibit indicates that in some ways this may turn out to be a yardstick by

"It Flatters the most Beautiful Hands"

says NEYSA McMEIN · · illustrator of beautiful women

The slender, able fingers of Neysa McMein, famous illustrator of magazine covers, are kept in perfect trim with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

"BEAUTIFUL women usually have beautiful hands," said Miss McMein. "In fact, any one who takes pride in her appearance takes particular pride in her hands.

"I paint all day and by night my hands look like a coal heaver's. First a thorough washing and then I turn to the Cutex box. The Cuticle Remover and Cream come first—and then a little White under the nail really works miracles. Finally, the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish which I am most enthusiastic about, as well as all the other Cutex preparations."

Sportswomen, artists, society women, all fastidious women—strive to keep their hands becomingly manicured. They do it with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Applied once a week, this exquisite Polish *lasts* for days and days. The nails glow with a clear, dewy brilliance. They sparkle undimmed—defying dirt, stains, hard work, soap and water!

Give your hands that smart, well-groomed look—that flattering finish—with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Cutex preparations 35c each. Polish and Remover together 50c.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

"Dogs and hunting never spoil my manicure"

says Anne Atkinson

"You shed your tweeds, and don your chiffons," says Miss Atkinson, society girl and breeder of famous dogs. "Barely time for a brisk wash with soap and water.

"Your nail tips come out glowing—crisp—clear! Thanks to that perfectly grand new Cutex Liquid Polish neither dogs nor hunting—can spoil my lovely manicure."

The new Cutex Liquid Polish is the most flattering finish for your nails.

Special Introductory Offer—12c

I enclose 12c for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9Y4
114 West 17th Street, New York

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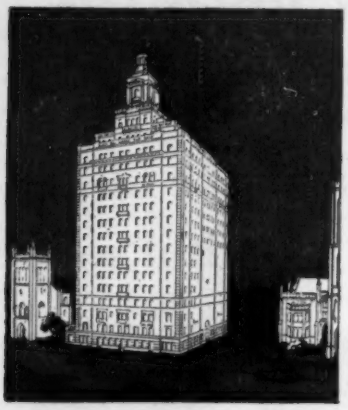
THE CORNER OF CORNERS



40 Fifth Avenue
Southwest corner of 11th Street
Near Washington Square

Make Your Home

In an atmosphere of past, present and future Distinction!

IN the Washington Square section of 5th Avenue—where belles and beaux of yesterday danced the stately minuet — where furbelowed matrons of the socially elect made their calls in quaint cabriolets —

Here, the imposing Colonial building of 40 Fifth Avenue revives the traditions of earlier days. It continues the prestige of the location as among the most charming and convenient in all New York, and adds every desirable feature of the most modern New York residence.

The ownership of an apartment here will insure for your children, and your children's children, the heritage of a distinctive, permanent home. The desirable nature of its location is protected by the surrounding church property, which likewise contributes a peaceful quiet that is unusual in these hectic, clamorous days.

The rapid advance sale proves the demand for such homes in this neighborhood. And the suites remaining embody the same desirable qualities in clever layout of spacious rooms, ample baths and closets, glass enclosed loggias, woodburning fireplaces, mechanical refrigeration and other attractive features.

100% cooperative.

4-5-6 and 7 ROOMS
from $13,250

Five year terms may be arranged.
Occupancy Summer 1929
Now Selling from Plans
CALVIN MORRIS CORPORATION
Builder
VAN WART & WEIN
Architect
McKIM, MEAD & WHITE
Architect for Purchasers
Agent on Premises daily and Sunday

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Selling and Managing Agent
15 East 49th Street Plaza 9200

which we can judge our progress since the famous Armory show. . . . There will also be the Seventh Spring Salon, a somewhat high-hat version of the Independent show, at the Anderson Galleries. . . . Until April 20 the drawings of George Bellows will be on view at the galleries of Frederick Keppel & Company. . . . Eugene C. Fitsch, Emil Holzhauer, and Robert Martin can be seen at the Corbett Coffee House, 33 West Eighth Street. . . . José Clemente Orozco is on view at the Downtown Gallery. . . Gustave Minker's Norwegian landscapes can be seen at Babcock's. —M. P.

•

SPRING ON MURRAY HILL

The traffic cops no longer frown,
Their whistles coo and trill;
The taxis carol up and down
The slopes of Murray Hill.

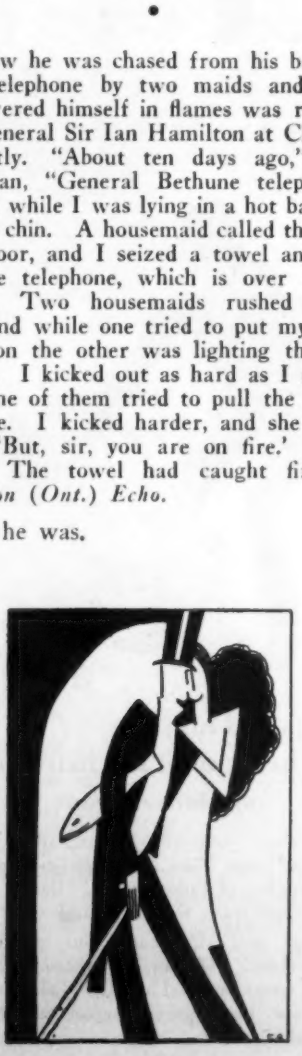
Come satyr, dryad, nymph, and faun
With all your pagan rout
To dance on Mr. Morgan's lawn;
His crocuses are out!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

•

How he was chased from his bath to the telephone by two maids and then discovered himself in flames was related by General Sir Ian Hamilton at Clapton recently. "About ten days ago," said Sir Ian, "General Bethune telephoned to me while I was lying in a hot bath up to my chin. A housemaid called through the door, and I seized a towel and ran to the telephone, which is over a gas stove. Two housemaids rushed after me, and while one tried to put my slippers on the other was lighting the gas stove. I kicked out as hard as I could, but one of them tried to pull the towel off me. I kicked harder, and she cried out: 'But, sir, you are on fire.' So I was. The towel had caught fire."—*London (Ont.) Echo.*

So he was.



"Sinclair Lewis at his best",—CONSENSUS OF THE PRESS

DODSWORTH

"A book that impresses upon us the potentialities of Sinclair Lewis as an American Balzac."—HERBERT GORMAN, *Book Review.*

"Would like to form a Dodsworth society and establish a copy in every American home."—FANNIE BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune.*

"Sinclair Lewis at his best."—*Chicago Daily News.*

DODSWORTH

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"Early to bed and read S. Lewis's *Dodsworth*, which I like the best of all his books."—F. P. A., *N. Y. World.*

"The best book Mr. Lewis has written."—WALTER YUST, *Philadelphia Ledger.*

DODSWORTH

"A genuinely first-rate piece of work. There is in it the reality of things seen."—H. L. MENCKEN, *Mercury.* $2.50

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Saluting Living Celebrities with a Slap

A Book that Dares to be Different

$1.00 and the book is yours

BROADWAY PORTRAITS
—by Samuel Marx—
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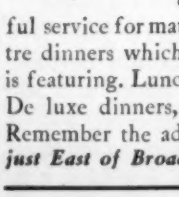


THE old phrase *"Meet me at the Fountain"* is happily revived again to fix in the minds of New Yorkers a most convenient rendezvous and the delightful service for matinee luncheons and theatre dinners which the *New Knickerbocker* is featuring. Luncheons, 65c, 75c and 85c. De luxe dinners, $1.25. Sundays, $1.50. Remember the address—*West 45th Street, just East of Broadway.*

RECENT BOOKS

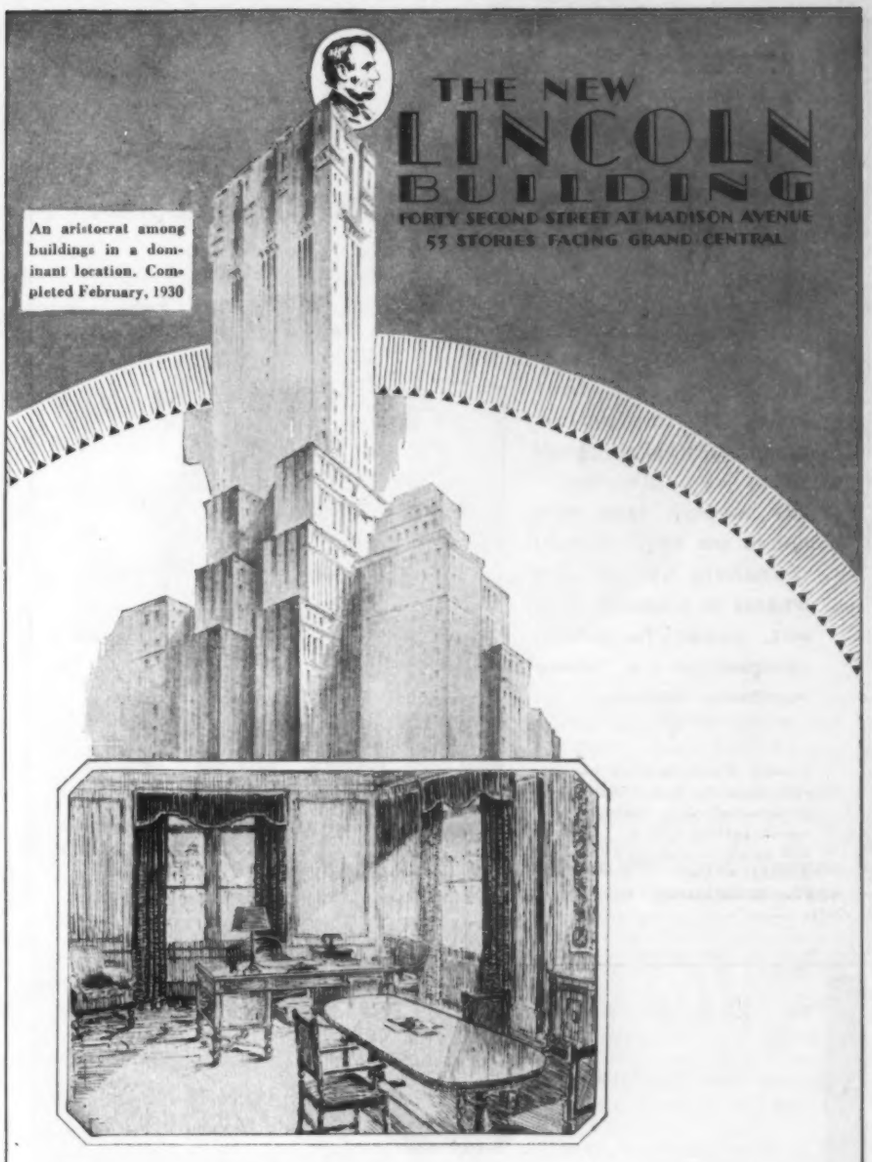
Spring Harvest

MARCH was a rich month for fiction, and we have found particular enjoyment in the following: Ben Wasson's "The Devil Beats His Wife," Martin Armstrong's "All in a Day," Elizabeth Huntington's "The Son of Dr. Traducsac," and Frank Swinnerton's "The Merry Heart." There is something in this list for almost every taste, unless you insist upon mediocrity, in which case we shall be glad to furnish further titles in a plain wrapper.

MR. WASSON'S theme in "The Devil Beats His Wife" is the post-bellum loyalty of an old negress to the family of her former owners. Aunt Ann is no aspiring Mamba. She belongs to her white folks and they belong to her. Her love for Narcisse Terrall is equalled only by her hatred of Yankees, a murdering, thieving lot who have disrupted her happy way of living, and one of whom eventually brings disgrace and sorrow into Narcisse's life. The setting of the Mississippi delta gives the book a flavor quite different from that of Mr. Heyward's novels. There is a sultry languor in the air which transfers itself to the characters and contributes in no small measure to the tragedy of the story.

"ALL IN A DAY," by Martin Armstrong, is a disturbing novel. Christopher Brade wakens on the morning of his fortieth birthday to realize what a stagnant thing his life has become. You meet his wife at breakfast, and in her, too, you sense disillusion and bitterness. During the day the two lives are reconstructed, in Christopher's and in Rosamund's minds. By a skillful telescoping Mr. Armstrong has compressed forty years into twenty-four hours, and the result is a rather horrible picture of marriage. Some years ago we read his "At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses" and that taught us to expect writing of unusual beauty coupled with a real flair for bringing to life situations which might lie in wait for any of us.

"THE MERRY HEART," Frank Swinnerton's first novel, which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53 STORIES FACING GRAND CENTRAL
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The offices in the new Lincoln Building are arranged so that every desk will be within the area where daylight penetrates. Every tenant in the building is assured the light which only the setting sun can shut off. Windows of special construction are placed to collect the maximum number of light rays. In no other building has more attention been given to light and air.

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SESAMEE
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THE Organization Committee of a Women's Athletic Club have a splendid opportunity for two cultured women under 35. They must have unquestionable connections and be capable of interviewing smart, prominent women who have been invited to affiliate with the Club. (Strictly confidential.) Commissions. Phone Plaza 4382 for appointment.

now appears in an American edition, should be reserved for an evening when you want entertainment without effort—when you would go to the movies if they were just across the hall.

The plot is straight cinema. Locritus, a commuter with a job in London and a mysterious father, loves Margaret, a stenographer, is devoted to his sister Fanny, and instinctively dislikes Mallows, a cad. He saves Kitty, a waitress, from a runaway horse, only to have her meet a worse fate at the hands of Mallows. How Margaret's crippled sister is sent to a convalescent home, and a dishonest guardian is exposed, how Locritus' father turns out to be you'll-never-guess-who, and how Fanny is saved from Mallows by Dickers, an accountant with ideals, all comes out to the soft accompaniment of Mr. Swinnerton's pleasantries on life.

You will be relieved to know that Mr. Swinnerton never takes the plot seriously. Throughout, he is being Locritus, the Merry Heart, whose trifling only partly conceals serious thinking and distinct ability.

"THE SON OF DR. TRADUSAC," by Elizabeth Huntington, makes a fine beginning and comes to an unsatisfactory conclusion. The pity of it is that the author died before it was published. It is a book of real promise, and its worst faults are those which time and experience would surely have eradicated. It opens in the brownstone era, and the idiosyncrasies of the nineties are amusingly, sometimes maliciously, exposed. Abner Tradusac is the son of a successful doctor and a belle of the late eighties who possessed everything—including delicate health—calculated to ensnare the heart of the strong and silent male of the period. After her death Abner is brought up by an aunt, and in due time is sent to college. Having fallen in love with a young woman whose financial needs are constant, he begins stealing from

his classmates and is expelled. His break with his father is followed by agonizing years of trying to get a foothold in a changing world.

Miss Huntington has given Abner life, and presents him in all his fumbling futility. It seemed to us that she has slighted the most interesting person in the book, Dr. Tradusac himself.

A FASCINATING volume is "And then Came Ford," by Charles Merz. It opens:

Three giants set the stage for Henry Ford.

In 1864 the open hearth process was developed and the modern age of steel began.

In 1865 the first short stretch of pipe line destined to fuel a parade of twenty million motor cars was laid in the valley of the Allegheny River.

In 1869 two sawed off locomotives faced each other on a ridge in Utah while the nation waited and word went forth by telegraph that a continent had been spanned with iron rails.

Steel, oil and transportation: these were the giants who set the stage for Henry Ford!

That gives you an idea of the manner in which Mr. Merz goes at his story, which is much more than the story of a lean-faced man in Detroit. It is a kaleidoscopic picture of America during the last half century, and a portrait of the man who has made himself a symbol of the change from old to new.

—R. L. L.

•

MANHATTAN TRANSPORTATION INFORMATION

(To Be Pasted in a Visitor's Hat)

Trolleys on the near side,
Coaches on the far;
But city crosstown buses stop
On either side you are.

"L's" at stilted stations,
Subways in the dark;
The taxicabs stop everywhere,
But private cars can't park.

—Carroll Carroll

•

While Albert Schluessler was uptown the other day his smokehouse burned down and two hams, two shoulders and three flitches of bacon frizzled to nothing in the ashes. Then, as though that were not enough hard lines for one day, someone evidently familiar with the inside of his house drove up while he was away that same evening and made off with a large rubber plant and a fine Boston fern. —*Nashville (Tenn.) Sentinel.*

Oh, well, some Norwegian novelist will get a book out of it.

Like a Kiss of Crimson Sunlight

you cannot feel this amazing rouge, but you will see its color in your added beauty!

"Comme un baiser ensoleille"—
Louis Philippe

The wind won't blow it away... the rain won't wash it off; the sun won't dry it

Angelus Rouge Incarnat
Le Rouge Incarnat Angelus

is the new color for lips and
est la couleur nouvelle pour les

cheeks, which is color alone.
levres et les joues, qui n'est que

You cannot feel it... there
de la couleur seule. Vous ne

is no flaky dried substance;
pouves pas la sentir—il n'y a pas

no caking. A wide variety
de substance seche. Une grande

of tints, including yours. It
variete de teintes comprenant

is waterproof and indelible
la votre. Il est impermeable

... and smooth as satin.
et indeleble et veloute du satin.

• • •

Betty Compton is happy to experience the famous "Angelus Color Study," by Louis Philippe, Parisian Colorist and creator of Rouge Incarnat. "It is so smooth I can't feel it," said Miss Compton, "and I love the way the color blends with my own."

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE DEVIL BEATS HIS WIFE, by Ben Wasson (*Harcourt, Brace*). An old negress of the Mississippi delta is the Greek chorus to an unusual and impressive story of unauthorized love.

ALL IN A DAY, by Martin Armstrong (*Harper*). In the space of one day, a man and his wife relive their years together. A psychological study which is both revealing and restrained.

THE SON OF DR. TRADUSAC, by Elizabeth Huntington (*Duffield*). Born in the brownstone era, a young man tries to adjust himself to post-war conditions.

THE MERRY HEART, by Frank Swinnerton (*Doubleday, Doran*), Gentle melodrama which supplies a pleasant evening's diversion.

DYNASTY, by Clarence Buddington Kelland (*Harper*). American business glorified in an interesting and very readable novel.

SIXTY SECONDS, by Maxwell Bodenheim (*Liveright*). In the sixty seconds before his execution a man relives his tempestuous life.

THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Ironic and beautifully written portrait of a mystic who bears a certain likeness to Shelley. An interesting group of people remarkably differentiated.

DAUGHTER OF EARTH, by Agnes Smedley (*Coward-McCann*). A gloomy but powerful narrative of a woman's resentment of poverty, marriage, servitude, and sex.

THE LOVE CLINIC, by Maurice Dekobra (*Payson & Clarke*). Dr. Schomberg carries a lovely lady off to a forest clinic where all sorts of sinister experiments are performed on his patients. Exciting in the exotic Dekobra manner.

BACK TO STAY, by Jonathan Leonard (*Viking Press*). Striking study of the New England character and an impressive story of a rebel's return home.

HOBBY HOUSE, by Russell Neale (*Harper*). Grim and poignant novel about a family of river rats along the Ohio. A first book that is a definite achievement.

THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of a woman who was loyal to technicalities and lost out all along the line. An excellent novel.

THIS DELICATE CREATURE, by Con O'Leary (*Elliot Holt*). An extremely modern young woman has a series of visions of herself and mends her ways. You may like it; we didn't.

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE, by Jesse Lynch Williams (*Scribner*). Suave and taking comedy about the functioning of the cosmic urge among the young generation.

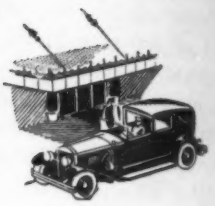
STEPPING HIGH, by Gene Markey (*Doubleday, Doran*). The professional and love life of a pair of hoofers. Light but diverting.

PROCESSION OF LOVERS, by Lloyd Morris (*Harcourt, Brace*). Famous love stories retold by a group of people at a villa near Nice.

DODSWORTH, by Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). How Europe and retirement affect an American marriage. A rather overwritten novel which comes to life almost too late.

Less recent:

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP, by Joan Lowell. THY DARK FREIGHT, by Vere Hutchinson. THE SPINNER OF THE YEARS, by Phyllis Bentley. THE BRIDE'S HOUSE,



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MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE SINISTER HISTORY OF AMBROSE HINKLE, by Thomas McMorrow (*Sears*). . . . LET IT LIE, by John Goodwin (*Putnam*). . . . THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA, by Elizabeth Jordan (*Century*). . . . ONE BY ONE THEY DISAPPEARED, by Moray Dalton (*Harper*). . . . THE BLACK DUDLEY MURDER, by Margaret Allingham (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . CAROLINE ORMESBY'S CRIME, by Herbert Adams (*Lippincott*). . . . THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY, by Agatha Christie (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . MEET THE TIGER, by Leslie Charteris (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE TWISTER, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . INTO THIN AIR, by Horatio Winslow and Leslie Quirk (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

AND THEN CAME FORD, by Charles Merz (*Doubleday, Doran*). The biography of Ford which turns out to be the story of the nation. Not to be missed by anyone who believes that there is an "American adventure."

PLAIN PEOPLE, by E. W. Howe (*Dodd, Mead*). One of the most entertaining autobiographies we know. Wise and shrewd and revealing.

CAGLIOSTRO, by Johannes von Guenther (*Harper*). A biography which shows what you can do with alchemy, hypnotism, and hocus-pocus. We don't see how anyone could fail to like it.

THE PEDRO GORINO, by Capt. Harry Dean and Sterling North (*Houghton Mifflin*). This Black Sea captain traded in gold, diamonds, ostrich plumes, and ivory along the coast of Africa, occasionally penetrating the interior. A good yarn.

VISCOUNT HALDANE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY (*Doubleday, Doran*). Another important and illuminating volume for the biography shelf. A graciously and wisely written record of a full life.

UNDERTONES OF WAR, by Edmund Blunden (*Doubleday, Doran*). A poet's reminiscences of his war experiences, worth reading for its prose beauty and its seasoned reflections on a grisly epoch.

BITTER BIERCE, by C. Hartley Grattan (*Doubleday, Doran*). Dramatic presentation of the mystery man of American letters. Not only excellent biography but also sound criticism.

PORTRAIT OF AMBROSE BIERCE, by Adolphe de Castro (*Century*). Bierce's friend and follower writes the strange story of his life as he knew it. More personal than the preceding book.

Less recent:

GOD'S COUNTRY, by Ralph Barton. MARRIAGE IN THE MODERN MANNER, by Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn. STRANGE TRUTH, by "Elspeth." THIS BLIND ROSE, by Humbert Wolfe. THE UNTOLD STORY, by Mary Desti. HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR, by George A. Dorsey. EARTHBOUND AND OTHER POEMS, by Helene Mullins. MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN, by Siegfried Sassoon. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, by Robert Ripley.

ON PARK AVENUE

ARE SEEN THE MOST SMARTLY DRESSED MEN IN AMERICA

STROLL up Park Avenue any late afternoon and you will see many interesting people . . . strikingly beautiful women, men of meticulous grooming. Now, a handsome couple, she—vivacious sparkling . . . he, broad-shouldered and erect. Every article of their apparel reflects good taste.

And there—two men stamped by important affairs, clean-looking and well-turned-out. Bound for their club, perhaps. Many rounds on sunny golf links show in their bronzed skins. Born and trained to leadership, these men are accustomed to the best in life—in service, in their homes, and in their personal equipment. It is more than significant that so many of these men wear Stetson hats.

Bankers, lawyers, leaders of industry—it is on such men that responsibilities fall. Their decisions are waited for . . . their acts imitated . . . their mode of dress copied. As these men choose hats, Stetson forecasts the styles. The shapes they wear, the shades they select—these are the hat styles for the coming months.

Stetson hats offer a wide selection in colors and shapes for every type of complexion and personality. They range in price from $8.50 to $125. All the best stores have them. . . . John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia.

STETSON HATS

his son was going to st. marks
his daughter was going to paris
his wife was going to aiken

• • • SO HE WENT TO THE HOSPITAL

We all know how it is.

What with mergers, options, conferences and the telephone ringing all the time, a man becomes absolutely unbearable.

Junior, at Southboro, was probably the happiest of the lot. Sis wouldn't stand so an impossible a father any longer, and said it was either Montparnasse or marriage. And mother declared she was emotionally ravaged and had Marie make reservations for Aiken that night!

▾ ▾ ▾ ▾

Fortunately, Dad picked the right hospital.

For it was there that he discovered Vita glass.

The new English-developed window glass, you know, which transmits the ultra-violet rays of sunshine. Some two hundred hospitals in this country use it, including the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and the Post-Graduate Hospital here.

Convalescent, Dad lounged in a sparkling solarium, drinking in the sun-rays which build up new health and resistance in bodies starved from living behind ordinary impermeable window glass.

Got to talking about Vita glass a bit. Found that Bill Brown uses it at his farm at Garrison, where they make a science of re-building tired business men. Found that the new New York A. C. solarium is equipped with Vita glass. And that it's in use in the International Telephone and Telegraph Building, the Equitable Trust Co. Building, and hundreds of private homes.

▾ ▾ ▾ ▾

Yes, Dad's quite decent now, except for Mondays.

He has Vita glass windows throughout his office. And has acquired a coat of tan thereby. For that vital warmth, which stimulates one behind a Vita glass window, is the same ultra-violet radiance that builds health, energy and love of living for others who play the wind blown golf courses of Northern Westchester these warming spring days.

▾ ▾ ▾ ▾

Expensive?
No.

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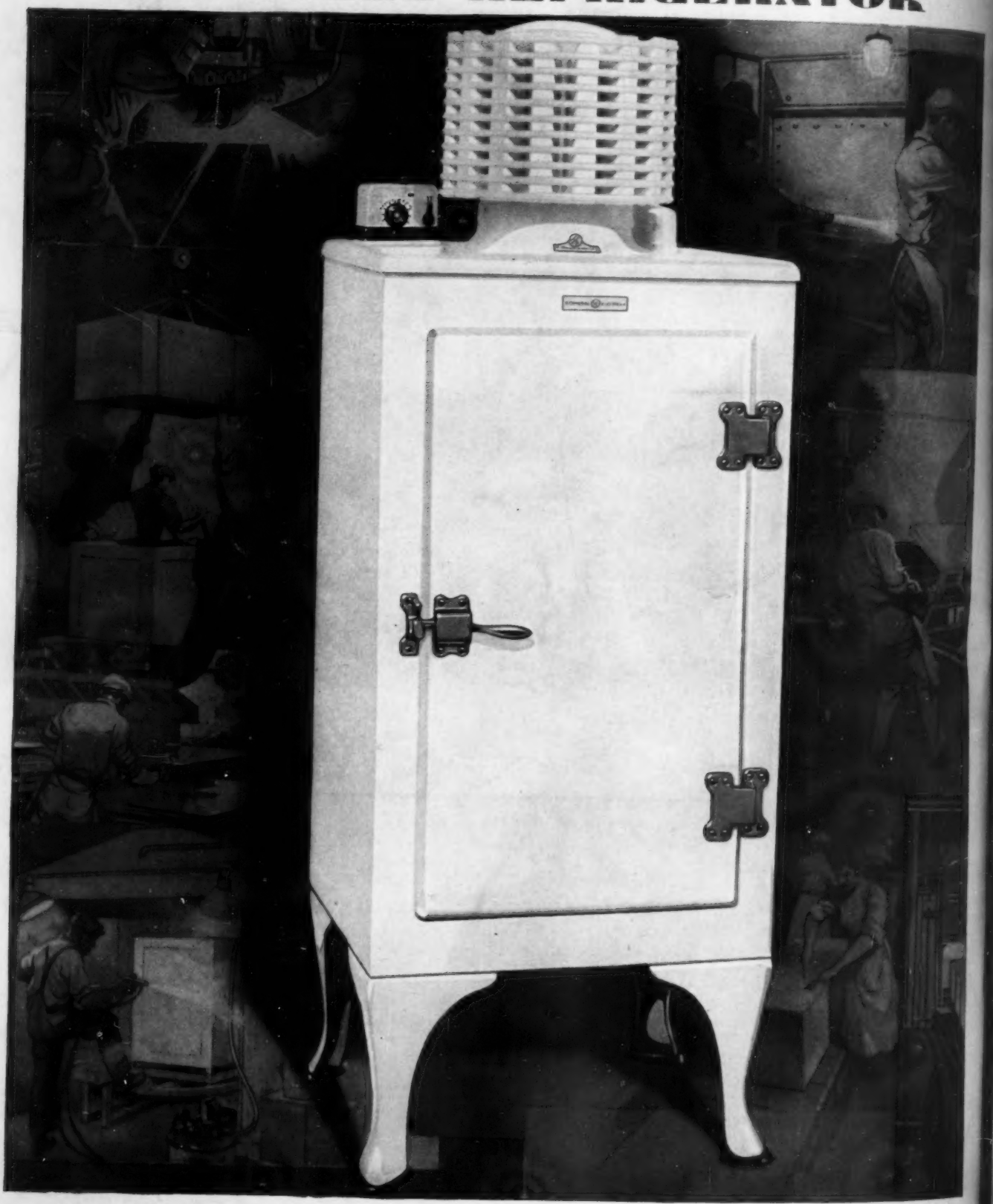
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR



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Sells for $215 at the factory. Can be purchased with only a small down payment—the rest can be spaced conveniently. Great value.